TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Babbitt Baiting

WHEN the beloved Charles Dickens wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit" in which the Ohio frontier fared so badly, when Mrs. Trollope published "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," when Harriet Martineau composed her memoirs of the raw and youthful nation, what an outcry there was, what violent resentment which was fanned into flames of oratory when lesser British followed on with descriptions in which Americans were anatomized after six weeks of travel and a reading of ten American books! As we reread the best of these books it is hard at first to see the cause of all this fury. Our manners were generally bad; we did hustle and bustle after land and money; we were boasters; there was dirt, chicanery, drunkenness, barbarism on the frontier. Only with the realization that the pioneers who now are so glorified were the chief subject of satire, does one begin to comprehend the puzzled rage which made our countrymen so incoherent in their replies. They felt that chills and fever, and raw whiskey and tobacco spitting and land stealing, were only the diseases of a great age of migration, but they chose to defend by denying the facts. Sandburg's rich life of the young Lincoln is the final answer to the charges of degeneracy and utter barbarism which were commonly laid against the West. All that Dickens wrote of with scorn he describes with unsparing realism, knowing that the generation which produced a Lincoln and the vast development of the Mississippi Valley cannot be despised.

The United States has been a spoiled and rowdy child in bitter need of criticism, and is so still, but criticisms, like spankings, must be planned with intelligence and properly directed. That was the merit of "Babbitt;" it is the merit of Mr. Mencken who understands boobery even when he is most joyfully unfair to the rest of America. The smug, complacent generation of Babbitts, so completely materialistic as to be unaware of other values, cry for the lash, and are thick-skinned enough to take innumerable beatings. But you have heard the brash stranger enter into the argument with half facts misinterpreted, rescue the weaker side by his own ineptness, and confuse the issues of the conflict. Such a bumptious interferer is Mr. Joad of Great Britain, a philosopher of some merit, but a misplaced sense of humor, who has decided that the time has come to tell Mr. Babbitt and his countrymen where, in the language they are supposed to understand best, they get off.*

Mr. Joad has never been to America, never met Mr. Babbitt. Mr. Burgess has expressed his feeling about us—

> I never saw a Purple Cow,
> I never Hope to See One;
> But I can Tell you, Anyhow,
> I'd rather see than Be One.

With so marked a disinclination to know anything of his subject it is not surprising that his case against the United States is built entirely upon those clippings from tabloids and the country press, interviews, and passages from fiction which fit so neatly into any preconceived and unfavorable opinion of what a country must be like. The result is devastating. One understands by the second chapter why Mr. Joad prefers Bloomsbury to New York and Sheffield to Omaha. With a fascinated horror one watches the nightmares trot by. It is real phantasmagoria, vividly true, in details (for his sources are skilful journalism), outrageously false in effect. It is like a history of our own times in New York drawn from the tabloids and illustrated by comic strips.

But it is not the falsity which stirs a tremulous feeling of uncertainty that grows into an assurance that Mr. Joad has made a very bad joke, and that the grin with which he piles vulgarity upon vulgarity is kin to those mechanical grimaces through a horse collar which Steele described as a favorite sport of English yokels. A little falsity puts spice in any satiric book. Uncertainty as to his facts was a fillip to the author of the witty "Plato's American Republic," and Mr. D. H. Lawrence's errors in geography and unshakable conviction that the true American can best be studied in the club cars of limited trains, give the authentic note of an artistic

(*Continued on page* 626)

*The Babbitt Warren. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

Invocation to an Audience

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOW for the moment are your minds removed
From everything but loveliness,
And you here present, if you've ever loved,
Loved and then wearied of that sweet distress,
You who have dearly proved
The arrow's sharpness and the archer's blindness
Remember still, as best behooved,
His loving kindness.

This Week

The Irony of Irony. By *Lee Wilson Dodd.*
"Winterwise." Reviewed by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*
"Soldiers and Statesmen." Reviewed by *Major-General R. L. Bullard.*
"The New Balkans." Reviewed by *General Tasker H. Bliss.*
"Shadows Waiting." Reviewed by *Elinor Wylie.*
"The Red Pavilion." Reviewed by *Robert B. Macdougall.*
"Horace Greeley." Reviewed by *Oswald Garrison Villard.*
Turkish Teeth. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Lord Bryce." Reviewed by *Senator Hiram A. Bingham.*
"Revolt in the Desert." Reviewed by *John Buchan.*

Plight of the Short Story

By LLOYD MORRIS

THE short story is surely the most extravagant of modern literary phenomena. An incalculable energy is concentrated upon it. It is both the raw material of an industry and the occasion of a profession. Its manufacture is taught by educational institutions to thousands of students. It has given rise to an overwhelming production of technical manuals. It engages the attention of critics and, like a pedigreed domestic animal, it is periodically offered awards of merit. Finally it is embalmed annually, with impressive ceremony, by various anthologists.* Yet the actual result of this expenditure of energy is, as literature, almost negligible. "A year which produced one great story," wistfully remarks Edward J. O'Brien, "would be an exceptional one." It would indeed.

In the United States the short story has come perilously close to bankruptcy. There are critics who would dissent from this opinion. There are those who would agree with the optimistic verdict of Blanche Colton Williams that in the American magazines "the short story has reached its maximum of strength and grace and beauty." The test is simple, and applicable by any experienced and discriminating reader. How many stories, even of those few which the anthologists annually select as the best, persist in the reader's memory for any length of time after they have been read? We are not apt to forget the memorable and, in the arts, any work that extends the repertory of our experience, or sharpens our insight, or moves us deeply, is likely to endure in our recollection. Very few stories achieve even a temporary survival.

The symptoms of bankruptcy and some of its consequences are tediously obvious in our magazines. In general, the American short story is remarkable for the excellence of its technique and the mediocrity, or insignificance, of its content. Precisely this combination of characteristics usually occurs in an art at moments when it is going a little dead and requires a fresh relation to life. It occurred in poetry at the beginning of the present century; most of the verse written then was technically irreproachable, and as empty of meaning as a campaign speech. It occurred in the drama at the end of the last century, when the plays of Pinero and Jones and Sardou made the phrase "well-made play" a term of disparagement. Its present occurrence in the short story, however deplorable, was all but inevitable. That occurrence was probably somewhat hastened by the prevalence, in our institutions of learning, of courses analyzing the technique (and nothing but the technique) of the short story for the benefit of students who have nothing to write about. It was probably aided, likewise, by the extraordinary popularity of the stories of "O. Henry." "O. Henry" was an unblushing romanticist who borrowed his philosophy from Dr. Pangloss, but who made singularly astute deductions about public taste. Realism was coming into fashion; he determined to be a realist and write about the four million. But, having no taste whatever for the commonplace, the characters of the four million failed to excite him. Fortunately he

*The Best Short Stories of 1926. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
The Best British Short Stories of 1926. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. The same. $2.50.
The Best French Short Stories of 1925-26. Edited by Richard Eaton. The same. $2.50.

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had noticed that life can be full of strange coincidences, reversals of fortune, and inexplicable surprises. Why should not these brighten the lives of his undistinguished subjects? So he invented the efficacious formula which substitutes for character a series of trick situations and makes its effect by skill and surprise. The formula was admirably suited to "O. Henry's" material, which was essentially an individual perception of life rather than a body of experience; it enabled him to incarnate his Panglossism, indulge his romantic temperament, and assume that he was writing about real life and average people. It proved to be an economically profitable formula; it was widely imitated, gradually perfected, and finally it was applied indiscriminately to every kind of material.

When current formulas cease to be the result of powerful conviction sterility sets in; technique flourishes, but content is negligible. The success of the formula invented by "O. Henry" inevitably led to the present plight of the American short story and to its more obvious consequences. Skill, speed, and surprise continue to be the elements upon which it relies most heavily. In skill there has been unquestionable advance; recent writers, for example, have learned from our naturalistic novelists methods of concealing the improbability of their plots with a veneer of realistic detail. Plot, however, rather than character remains the major interest. And plot, be it remembered, is a device, an artifice, a means of generalizing life in such fashion as to reveal character and display a meaning.

This emphasis upon plot and neglect of character has produced some interesting results. It accounts for the fact that the American short story today, like a capable prostitute, combines an extreme sophistication with a deceptive appearance of innocence. The events which it relates, the plot itself, usually have no recognizable connection with life as we know it or have observed it. Insofar as it deliberately falsifies life, it is sophisticated and artificial; insofar as it persuades us to accept the counterfeit as real, it is technically effective. The meaning which it displays usually is one of the corollaries of Panglossism, that philosophy which proceeds from the comforting axiom that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. But insofar as this meaning can be illustrated only by a deliberate perversion of experience masquerading in the guise of reality, it is immoral, however innocent in appearance. Far from believing that most current American short stories are written for the entertainment of an audience presumably unsophisticated, life-loving, and optimistic, an unprejudiced reader might easily assume that they are written for the distraction of an audience so disillusioned by its experience of life, so crushed by the tyranny of its misfortunes, as to require the escape of an anæsthetic. For it is the anæsthetic effect of the average American story that finally seems notable, so completely has it abandoned the reality of experience for the conventional patterns of falsehood.

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If, perceiving this, the reader turns to the work of those few among our writers who have discarded the current formula, he is likely to be impressed by one rather striking fact. In this comparatively slender body of stories the dominant theme is escape—its desirability, or necessity, or difficulty or, less frequently, its impossibility. These writers cannot be said to be unmoved by reality; they are literally overwhelmed and often paralyzed by it. They offer no comfort to the needy pursuers of Panglossism, those troubled folk whom George Santayana once described as wishing to think their life worth living when, to look at what it contains, it might not seem so. Looking at life, these writers have made the surprising discovery that it can be dull and empty for dull and empty people. And having been educated, like most other Americans, in the belief that life is really an inexhaustible Christmas tree holding gifts for everyone, they are distressed by the failure of experience to fulfil their expectations. To their indignation, perhaps to their lack of philosophy, we owe the painstaking studies of drab, hostile environment, of unpropitious circumstances, of inhibition and frustration, of which the greatest merit is honesty. These stories are emphatically honest, both as transcriptions of environment and records of resentment, but their obvious defect is lack of relevancy and significance. The writers appear to be so overcome by hostility to the life which constitutes their subject, as to be incapable of making it yield, in fiction, any important meaning. Most of their stories, therefore, produce upon the reader only the effect of an able indictment of the life observed by the writer; an effect which constitutes an achievement in morals or criticism, but scarcely an achievement in literature.

With but very few distinguished exceptions, most recent American short stories fall into one of these two general categories. And between them there is little to choose. The first offers the spectacle of writers who have nothing worth saying exercising a competent mechanical craftsmanship in saying it. The second presents a group of writers apparently so bewildered by life and so hostile to it as to be unable to make appropriate use of their materials. Perhaps, in view of the sterility of the current American short story, we ought to be grateful for these last. For they, at least, have exhibited a disposition to come to such terms as they can with reality and with life, and even a perplexed resentment is a better beginning than complete rejection. The fact remains, however, that their work represents only a beginning, not an achievement. In America the energy bent upon the short story yields very meagre fruits.

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In England a somewhat different condition obtains. Except in the work of writers who have sought their public in the American magazines of large circulation, the formulas current in America have failed to take root. Apparently there is very little inducement, likewise, to maintain a genial if somewhat insincere optimism by falsifying life. But having escaped these two pernicious tyrannies, the British writer usually is conquered by a third. British civilization has given its allegiance, above all, to character; but in British literature character traditionally has been both a talisman and a mystery. The contemporary British writers of short stories run true to form by exhibiting a painful moral responsibility toward character; they begin by being tentative and curious, and usually end by being thoroughly baffled. This, perhaps, explains why so many of them write stories about obviously commonplace people under the illusion that they are in some fashion extraordinary. It perhaps explains why, in these stories, the significance of character usually eludes the reader as well as the writer. But this emphasis upon character is a positive merit; of itself it contributes to British short stories a vitality and freshness which convince the reader that the stories originate in an unflagging, if puzzled, interest in human nature.

In the matter of technique British writers of short stories are generally deficient. On the whole they tell their stories amateurishly and carelessly, without that calculation which is one of the elements of good craftsmanship. Structure, design, articulation are apt to be conspicuous by their absence. In America short story writing has become a specialized profession and technique is its fetish. In England, on the other hand, the writing of short stories has largely been an incidental occupation of novelists, and until comparatively recently no tradition of technique has existed. But although this circumstance has made for a low general average of technical excellence, it has provided an opportunity for technical experiment of which some few British writers have taken abundant advantage. Exceptionally memorable stories, however, are as infrequently produced in England as in America. What saves the average British story, when it is saved, is an unmistakable zest for life.

* * *

In France, where the *conte* and the *nouvelle* existed as highly developed literary forms before the short story was cultivated in either England or America, technical skill is the rule rather than the exception. The average French story, whether *conte* or *nouvelle*, is likely to exhibit a perfect fusion of content and form. French writers, relying upon a disciplined public and an exact, homogeneous tradition, are able to assume what the conscientious American writer is at some pains to explain and what the baffled British writer normally fails to understand—the existence of character, and its expression in conduct. This important assumption enables them to extract from their materials the maximum æsthetic effect; what seems in the end remarkable of even the least significant French stories is the variety and power of effect that can be produced with slender materials. French writers have realized, as English and American writers too often have not, the relation which the short form bears to classical drama; the fact that the short story, by narrative intensification of a crisis, is capable, like classical tragedy, of distilling the significance of an experience indefinitely extended in time. Hence one finds, in contemporary French fiction, stories which can trace their ancestry to the marvelous "Princesse de Montpensier" of Madame de Lafayette. And despite the fact that the majority of recent French stories are diverting rather than memorable, they still seem to "order this matter better in France."

The Irony of Irony

By Lee Wilson Dodd

In an easy-going democracy it is a dangerous thing for a writer to have a really superior mind. Americans, with much reason, pride themselves upon their industrial efficiency; but industrial efficiency seems to be compatible with an extraordinary slackness in the higher corticle centers. No one knew this better than Frank Moore Colby, whose death last year meant little or nothing to our "great American reading public." Of certain conspicuous multi-millionaires, he wrote: "I have found some of the best reasons I ever had for remaining at the bottom simply by looking at the men at the top." And again: "Success as explained in magazines is nine parts mental abstinence." When Frenchmen write things like that, they become famous. Mr. Colby never became famous. He never, it may as well be admitted, became even "fairly well known."

But his obscurity will not be lasting. He wrote too well—and good writing is very tenacious. It may have to bide its time, but it persists. Nothing is harder to kill than true literary distinction.

What *is* "true literary distinction"? Colby knew, and illustrated his knowledge in every line he wrote. It is not "phrasemaking," certainly! Hear him on this point, and note the unadorned, steel-blade quality of his speech!

> For one thing, the phrasemaker betrays an undue consciousness of words, which is quite as fatal as an undue consciousness of clothes. It may be that a man of real gifts as a writer will toil four days and a night for a fit word; but that does not mean a fit word for his audience, but only for his own idea. This process the phrasemaker exactly inverts. It is the most insidious vice of the literary temperament. What a difference between the phrasemaker and the man *whose thought insists on the words* and gets them and who has no clot of ink on his brain. (The italics are mine.)

Colby was a man whose thought insisted on the words, who got them, and who had no clot of ink on his brain. He had no clots of any kind on his brain. It was a superb critical instrument, lambent with wit and fire-edged with that entirely uncommon sense which is akin to genius. Irony was his natural speech. It is not the natural speech of our "great reading public" (it is the irony of irony that it is seldom understood); and this left him to his preferred pleasures of solitude. "Men's thoughts," he wrote, "are not coincident with the ideas in the air but run back into a vast hinterland seldom visited in speech. And that is the chance for literature. Literature never remains behind with essays on Progress, but advances always into this back country of the mind, and reports at least what one man sees there." And a little later he adds: "Honest books are not impudently certain of all things; and they bear toward the world a sort of *moriturus te saluto* courtesy. They are not written for the side of us that talks but for the silent side that keeps wondering at the lies we tell."

The lies we tell, particularly the lies we tell ourselves, were not very successful in hiding from Colby. Not that they ever much disturbed him, for he never made the naïve error of taking the rationalized pretensions of men too seriously. Being a scholar, a philosopher, and a wit, necessarily (for our benefit) deprived him of holy zeal. You cannot boil with indignation and get up steam to reform a world whose inner meaning eludes you, whose incredible diversity and sameness amuse you, whose private impulses and public pomposities strike you as comic. The gifts of such men to a not always appreciative race are candor, tolerance, and laughter. Are there better gifts? Possibly . . . though I venture to doubt it. Colby persuades one to doubt it. "After living for a while," he says, "among the old derricks of the academic world you grow very tired of the uplift. Is there to be no talk among equals? When you meet a man must you immediately heave yourself up alongside and try to hoist him?" And then he asks, "But if you cannot guide the public aright, why address it? It is like saying, If you cannot reform a man, why speak to

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him? . . . It is only in print that people are less than their propaganda. . . . In private life we insist on having our own latch key and dying a separate death."

A problem remains, however, and must be faced. It is the conviction of those who have long cherished the essays of Frank Moore Colby, holding them among their more precious possessions, that America has produced few writers of his intellectual and literary stature. Yet, entirely apart from the "great reading public," even among a much smaller group of the comparatively well-read, Colby remains a neglected author; and there must be discoverable reasons for this neglect. It is the present duty of his admirers to discover (if possible) these reasons, so that they may either reply to them intelligently, or else, on due reflection, admit there is something in them, and that Colby's work must necessarily make its appeal to a restricted number of peculiarly constituted individuals. To put it more simply, have the admirers of Colby, being somehow, at whatever distance, like-minded with him, tended to exaggerate their estimate of his worth? That the history of letters is filled with such temporarily ardent but always exaggerated estimates of minor men by honest but mistaken groups of minor critics, is only too evident. Are those of us who are cheering for Colby unconsciously (though fatuously) cheering for ourselves? Is it an accident of temperamental affinity rather than an example of objective judgment? These are searching questions, not lightly to be dismissed.

* * *

Let us see what a special pleader might not implausibly urge against him.

The present attractively published selection* (a tactful and excellent piece of editorial work by Clarence Day, Jr.) from Colby's earlier volumes and pseudonymous papers, is introduced briefly and wittily by Mr. Philip Littell in a preface which our special pleader might very well use as his point of departure. By ignoring the humor of (and therefore misinterpreting) this preface, he might begin by maintaining that Mr. Colby was an indifferentist, lacking human sympathy; and might then deftly hurry on to picture him as an egotistic, frosty, self-centered man.

"You pretend to be surprised," he might say, "that Mr. Colby's essays made so little impression on the public! But this, surely, is disingenuous. You must, in your hearts, be very well aware that readers, whether cultivated or naïve, are not warmed to enthusiasm by a mental iceberg. Mr. Colby was a recluse from his kind. He observed men bleakly, and his self-appreciative amusement was invariably edged with contempt."

To all of which there are two immediate rejoinders. A. Let us admit for the moment that your portrait of Mr. Colby as an indifferentist is true, or has some color of truth. As much or more could be said of other writers who have won wide and lasting literary fame: of Pope, for example, of Swift, of Stendhal, of M. le Duc de la Rochefoucauld. B. Your picture of Mr. Colby is not only a caricature, but a bad one. As every author must, he has painted his own portrait in his work, and it is impossible to find there the man as you have misrepresented him.

This second response is the more important, for it can be proved to be final. One has only to ask oneself if such utterances as the following (not searched out with labor, but slipped almost at random from his pages) are those of an indifferent solitary, a contemptuous misanthrope!

> And, after all, *true* satire is not the sneering substance that we know, but satire that includes the satirist. That is the grave omission of the usual satirist, the omission of himself. . . . There can of course be no sound derision of things *sub specie aeternitatis* that does not include the blushing author.
>
> By rights, satire is a lonely and introspective occupation, for nobody can describe a fool to the life without much patient self-inspection.
>
> Now as we pass our lives largely in these reserves and silences with many doubts that we do not care to mention and many hopes that we do not share, the talk of the day is not the key to us. Every man ought to be inquisitive through every hour of his great adventure down to the day when he shall no longer cast a shadow in the sun. *For if he dies without a question in his heart, what excuse is there for his continuance?*

It would be a pleasure to go on quoting, it is hard to resist that pleasure, but already enough has been given, much in little, to refute the calumnies of our special pleader. We may dismiss him at once from court. No, it was not because of such invalidities that Mr. Colby failed to win the wider appreciation which he deserved.

Yet he failed to win it, and the question remains unanswered. It can be answered, I think, in a very few words, though again under two formal headings, A and B.

A. Frank Moore Colby was not a self-advertiser. He did nothing to nurse his own reputation, or to induce others to ballyhoo it for him. Now our modern world is filled with the clamor and shouting of "LOOK THIS WAY! LOOK AT ME!" And we are only too apt, alas, to do precisely as we are told. We smoke the cigarettes thus indicated and we read the authors thus indicated. It is a bad, an increasingly bad world for a man who has not the Mountebank Complex.

B. Frank Moore Colby did not fight with "cliques" for "causes," but skirmished alone for intelligence. He was never to be found in any "movement," but a little apart from all movements, gently but persistently kidding them, and quizzically suggesting that "It was in the hope that we should remain in some respects *unlike* that Nature made so many of us and put us up in separate packages. Yet for one man who expresses his own taste we have a hundred missionaries to other people's." He spoke for even the dullest individual's right to exist purely and simply *as himself*. He laughed at dulness, yet if it was authentic he could respect it. He could respect the absurd if it was honest. He could respect anything but the absurdities of pretense. So again, he could hardly hope for popularity with the pretentious—which in any land includes at least five-sixths of the literate population.

An Eighteenth Century Family in Silhouette. From "English Women in Life and Letters," by M. Phillips and W. S. Tomkinson.
(Oxford University Press)

So much for the reasons, I suggest, why his fame has been and is still delayed. The present well-edited volumes are an indication, I believe, of a coming change. It is going to be very difficult to suppress Frank Moore Colby. He wrote too well. And I should myself choose as his deepest word a very subtle and poignant saying:

"Mad as the world is we are spared that final, mind-closing illusion that it is sane."

*The Colby Essays. Selected and Edited by CLARENCE DAY, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. 2 vols.

Vermont Winter

WINTERWISE. By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

THERE is nothing wrong about quantity standardized production in its place. It is no hardship for anybody to be restricted to those toothbrushes manufactured to suit the teeth of a large majority of the race. But there is something terrifying in the idea of being restricted in the matter of new books to those manufactured to suit a large majority of the race. At every alarming sign (and there are plenty of them) that only those books get published which will please the taste of at least eighty-five per cent of a huge population, my heart sinks lower. It leaps up hopefully at every sign (this "Winterwise" of Zephine Humphrey's is such a sign) that book publishers are not yet resigned to the Detroit system, do not doom to oblivion those writers who cannot or will not produce the sort of book in fashion with the majority of the reading public.

That endless chain of new novels, constantly appearing! New, did I say? Old, most of them, threadbare before they are written. But novels are in style, so into novel-form must all human material be cast. Or if not novels (for of late there has been a notable revolt from the exclusive tyranny of the story) biography and history. A book laid out in any of those well-worn, accepted shapes is fairly sure of a chance to show itself to readers.

But how about the writer whose material and whose creative impulse do not fit any of those shapes? And oh! how about the original-minded body of readers whose tastes do not fit them either? Who occasionally would like something else? Can those writers and those readers be brought together in this day when everything must be produced by the million or not at all? Or must writers choose between silence, and twisting the stuff of their dreams till it fits a mould which does *not* fit the very readers who are naturally theirs?

* * *

Zephine Humphrey's delicate book, I hasten to announce, will not suit the tastes of the immense majority (or what they passively allow to be considered their tastes.) With a smiling courage it turns its back on fashionable patterns. It is not a "gripping narrative." It is not even a narrative at all. There is no love-story in it, at least nothing of the sort usually labeled as a love-story, although it is brimming bright with the nectar of wedded love. There is no carefully constructed plot the ingenious turns of which can be advertised as "keeping the reader awake till two in the morning." Worse than this, there is shamelessly no plot at all. The most exciting moment in it is perhaps when you discover that a pet cat supposed to be dead, has survived. Nor is there any "passion" in the book, that cayenne pepper with which every dish young or old must now be seasoned. The passion of this writer is for a deeper, richer inner life.

Doesn't it sound enchantingly restful and original, a book with no plot, with no smart, snappy unexpectedness, and not one informative intention in all its graceful pages? Take notice, mature readers of taste, bone-weary as so many such readers are of snappiness and gripping passion. Here is an oasis of a book, an honest book which is yet delicate, a stimulating book which is yet utterly simple and unpretentious; a book with a clear, homely attic charm unattainable save to self-forgetting distinction of mind and style.

That, for me, is the special aroma of this record of a winter's quiet life in Vermont snow, an aroma fragrant with a fine distinction of thought and style, and pungent with a spicy homeliness. The book is a portrait of a woman . . . with brains, too! . . . who has the courage to like and practice certain qualities prodigiously out of style nowadays, gentleness for instance, refinement for another. It is instructive to observe that, gentle and non-combative as she is, the twentieth century has not been to her the all-conquering bully which we think it. In the midst of the competitive clatter of modern existence, she has created a corner of tranquillity, where there is time and strength for reflection and meditation. It is a life peaceful, but not without effort, quiet but without callous or desperate withdrawal from natural human contacts; above all with such an entire absence of any effort to keep up with the worldly procession that not until one closes the book does one rememebr that such a desire exists . . . let alone makes most of the world go 'round.

* * *

Zephine Humphrey not only creates this sort of life in reality, she shares it with her reader. She opens the door of her old country home and welcomes him in with an honest friendly trustfulness to the quaint mixture of the deep and the trivial which is characteristic of all human life . . . when by chance it has any depth! Sitting with her and her husband in that lamp-shaded quiet, he shares their glimmer of the idea of what the fourth dimension may be, and gets up to caress sympathetically a homesick cat; reading of an afternoon, he lifts his eyes from the book and sees beyond the window, living in the author's crystalline style, the austere beauty of the winter world; he drives in a lurching car through snowdrifts to the nearest district schoolhouse where with a knot in his throat he listens to the clear-eyed, heavy-booted little country children "speak their pieces" . . . he learns his way page by page into a new friendship.

One lives for 239 pages in such a world, really existing, not imaginary, filled with thoughts about God and trips to Town-Meeting, of encounters with Kesyerling's "Travel Diary" and struggles with a moody collie dog; one shares everyday life with a pair of human beings who enjoy life with a contagious cheer in spite of wishing to get from it for themselves nothing but the chance to become finer and truer. It is a feast for other thoughtful, non-competitive people, with a liking for thought and humor and mellowness and literary quality. They will find fare so entirely to their taste on few other printed pages.

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Britain's Part in the War

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN, 1914-1918. By FIELD MARSHALL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926.

Reviewed by MAJOR-GENERAL R. L. BULLARD

THE effort put forth by the leading nation in the World War, the greatest effort ever put forth in either war or peace by any nation in all history, is discussed in its political and military decision by Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial (British) General Staff in his "Soldiers and Statesmen, 1914-1918."

Sir William Robertson, we hear, was from the ranks, which probably accounts for his being Chief of Staff. For, in Sir William's formative day (until, say, the Boer War) the sergeant in the British army, not his officer, was expected to know things military.

The name is apt, but the reader who, as the average American, looks for the personal in either the soldiers or the statesmen, will be disappointed. He will hear of official action; personality will appear in but a few cases and then only as an accompaniment of official action. The author sticks to the business of the war.

The book is British, for the British, and mainly for high officials of state and army. Beyond the parallel that the reader recognizes between British aversion and American aversion to preparing ever for war before war it affords little of interest to Americans not especially interested in some way in England or the English. The actors are Great Britain's highest directing statesmen and soldiers of the war; its subjects, her great military undertakings, by whom sponsored, how decided upon by the highest authorities, and the result.

* * *

The earlier chapters are a soldier's lament of unpreparedness, defects, and mistakes not before war recognized. The showing of these chapters against unpreparedness is unanswerable and in both Britain and America will be unanswered because not noticed.

An account of Great Britain's almost world-wide theatre of operations: India, Western Asia, the Balkans, Italy, Western Europe, Home defense, the Irish rebellion, and the high seas, an account, which while laid in the main in the seat of authority, England, is necessarily split up into parts hard to build together into one connected whole. That indeed, lack of unity, was the complaint of the author concerning the many operations which he has to describe. Following one subject or campaign, the others cannot to be carried along chronologically and recurrences are often necessary in the relation. The book itself is thus an ilustration of the complications and difficulties of Great Britain's many undertakings in the war.

Sir William is not given to overpraise of either soldiers or statesmen. One man, Lord Roberts, a near idol in the earlier American war view, he does not help to fix upon a pedestal and we later find that he deems Marshall Foch especially favored in his great reputation by the conditions and the time in which he came to command.

With all her countless ministers, statesmen, and advisers, Great Britain in the first year and a half of the war was without definite plans, uncertain how to conduct the war. The author later points out like conditions in America's entrance into the war—no definite system for war—as a consequence of which both countries were forced into the conflict ahead of their preparedness.

From the beginning and for long the ministry, the statesmen, took a predominant part in the decisions about military operations. The idea of a General Staff to direct the nation's military operations had never apparently taken such hold upon England as upon Germany and France. The ministry not only fixed the policy but also decided upon the measures to carry it out. In war the Chief of the British General Staff was an adviser to the ministry, the trained and informed military head; but if his military plans were to be carried into effect he had often to convince or persuade the ministry thereto. While he recognizes and acknowledges this condition and its necessity, Sir William, the old soldier accustomed to ordering not persuading, plainly hates it, growls and points out the unreason and mistakes of the ministers. He generally, perhaps too generally, makes out his case. Admitting, as he must, that as the whole nation was at war, so its civil and political leaders must have a deciding voice in all general military operation, the author yet seems to become pretty critical when the ministers use that voice and especially when they have opposed his views.

Steadfastness, consistency, is an English characteristic but not Mr. Lloyd George's. His apparent repeated change of ideas and reverses of himself bumped the English. They bumped the C. I. G. S. and he has let it be known as Englishmen since the war have let it be known. He and they do not give England's principal war-time Prime Minister the credit that the rest of the world seems to have accorded him at least during the war. The author says little or nothing of Lloyd George's influence, value, perhaps even necessity in leading the British people to back the war; and in the end the reader has had presented to him what is apparently the present English feeling, namely, that Lloyd George was no great contributor to British success.

As has been said the British cabinet in much disregard of the General Staff controlled military undertakings almost entirely in the beginning of the war. The separateness of the ministers' functions under peace conditions naturally led in war to a lack of coördination of military efforts to a common purpose. The British were soon fighting on seven fronts under widely varying conditions, plans, and purposes—little unity. There being no common purpose, differences, even dissensions, soon arose and the man, Kitchener, to whom Britishers turned to pull them through, was greatly blamed and the Ministry changed with improvement. This is a good deal of an admission for the C. I. G. S. The Dardanelles attempt was an error of the Ministry, laid principally to Churchill. It was undertaken without due study, and mismanagement caused the failure to obtain great possible political success by cutting off Turkey and reaching Russia. The expedition is treated at length with a steady, monotonous show of error.

Until the Fall of 1915 General Joffre had been a sort of Commander or suggester, of weak headship, tacitly accepted by British and French in France. Then unified command came to be discussed but hardly more. "Coöperation," "coördination of effort" at will between the Entente Allies, was much talked but proved ineffective. No agreement was reached until after the end of the siege of Verdun when French and English alike, recognizing the advantage of giving the enemy no opportunity for either rest of his tired armies or of taking the initiative, came to a bungling agreement of unified command under the French general, Nivelle; never carried out, dropped when he failed in 1917. The failure to unify is defended by the author on the ground that Great Britain who was putting forth the greatest effort, had the least influence. Revived as the Inter-allied General Staff after the Italian débâcle, toward the end of 1917 unification of command was again just dropped. It finally came when the Entente Allies, face to face with defeat, forgot pride of utter independence and were willing to accept some other's direction. To no particular person or nation belongs the credit of suggesting unified command, says the author.

* * *

The lesser British military operations like Gallipoli and Salonika bear a curious likeness to some of the lesser operations undertaken by the Federal Government in the American War of the Rebellion against certain southern forts and coast regions. The plans were usually prepared by statesmen not soldiers, for certain hoped for political, psychological, and diplomatic effects. Such a combination of considerations can never be calculated upon in war; diplomacy in no case then counts for anything. Beginning small, such expeditions almost always became great, entailing division of attention and forces and resulting in detriment and hurt to the central and main undertaking, giving no definite result that preceded the result reached in the main undertaking. In Great Britain there were always differences between the statesmen on the one side and the General Staff on the other over the expeditions to Salonika, Palestine, etc. None of these expeditions became successes until success came of the main effort in France. Such is the reader's impression from what Sir William Robertson says; and in general the book a little too much, yet correctly no doubt, shows the Staff views right and differing views wrong.

By the end of 1917 man power had become a great question for both soldiers and statesmen of France as well as Great Britain. Both appeal, indirectly perhaps, but appeal to the United States, not for American armies but for the filling by Americans of their armies. They could not however argue well to America for what they had between themselves declined, namely, to give to another the command of their own. Hardly of interest here as it resulted in nothing, is Sir William's account of his conferences with General Pershing on this matter. So at last Great Britain—the author doesn't say this but his story bears it out—unable to bring in on her ships enough food to prevent the starvation of her people, almost facing defeat anyway, and having few troops of her own now to transport on her ships, agreed to put, and did put, these ships to hauling American divisions and thus—neither does the author definitely say this—with unified command made sure the final victory of the Entente Allies.

The Balkan Problem

THE NEW BALKANS. By HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS

AMERICANS—with perhaps a dominant feeling of religious antipathy inspired in their minds by the centuries-long struggle between the Crescent and the Cross—watched with profound sympathy and interest during a hundred years and more of their own short history the slow emergence of the Balkan peoples from the blight of Turkish misrule. How long the struggle was before that end was attained comes very forcibly to the mind when we think that it was but yesterday that a broad band of the Turkish Empire still stretched across southeastern Europe from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. And now, after another war—in part, at least, fratricidal—in which they suffered at their own and other Christian hands the multiplied horrors of many wars with their former tyrants, we have been watching for a few short years their efforts to consolidate their freedom and to assure themselves that it will endure, to find their abiding place in the family of nations and an honored seat at its council-board.

To Americans, therefore, this volume brings its own welcome. All who read it have a more intelligent interest in the peoples with whom it deals because of a clearer knowledge of the problems which confront them and which require the highest statesmanship to solve wisely. The book is a study of Balkan problems in the light of facts and influences as they exist and operate now. The author is especially well qualified by general historical knowledge of his subject, as well as by personal observation and acquaintance with the countries and peoples concerned, to clearly present and fairly appraise the merits on both sides of the questions which he discusses.

The history of the Balkans is the history of political problems of a peculiar and intricate character. Their roots and stems and branches are so interlaced, like the rank growth of a tropical jungle, that it is as difficult for the student to make his way through the one as for the traveller through the other. To explain the differences, as they affect these problems, between the various states of the Balkan Peninsula, or between any one of them—or all of them regarded as a single entity—and outside states, the general historian is very likely to carry us into the mists of antiquity or into the scarcely clearer light of mediæval times. And so, across his pages flit shadowy forms of half mythical Thracians and Scythians; Illyrians, soldiers and traders of republican and imperial Rome; Greeks from the time of Socrates to that of the decadent Byzantine Empire; on-coming and receding waves of Ostrogoths and Visigoths, Vandals, Huns, and

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Avars, who found a civilization and left barbarism; Germans and Slavs who slowly rebuilt what others had destroyed; that strange medley of western Europeans who conducted the Crusades; and for centuries the Turk, forever an alien in the lands which he conquered, neither assimilating nor assimilated.

Doubtless all these influences reacted on the evolving character and temperament of the peoples that survived from this welter. And the general historian must trace and study all these influences because he wants to know how the Serb, the Bulgar, the Greek and Albanian came to be what they are,—and he may take volumes to tell it. But the student of their present-day problems wants for his practical purposes to know only what they are and the influences which are now working upon them. And that is done very clearly and succinctly in the one volume which our author presents to us. The excellent Introduction to it by Professor Coolidge gives very lucidly and briefly all that the student need know of the historical influences that can have any bearing on the internal problems of Balkan countries. For the external ones geography is mainly responsible.

The author discusses the present aspects of various problems, larger and smaller, which confront the Balkan peoples. Since the creation of that new state perhaps the most pressing of its internal questions has been the unification of Jugoslavia—to call it by its popular name. In a limited form it relates to the real unification of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. The very title of the new State—the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes—suggests the underlying difficulty. This state could not retain the name of Serbia because the Slovene and the Croat—especially the latter—saw no more reason for their absorption into Serbia, as though they were annexed, than for the absorption of Serbia into themselves. They were not a *terra irridenta* which during the World War Serbia fought to claim. She fought for her bare life and for a time with little hope of preserving even that. The new state was a product of the Peace Conference which had to put a limit on nationalistic aspirations for the formation of many petty states. So there was nothing for it but to combine these peoples, so closely related, under a name which of itself suggests separatist tendencies, or at least, possibilities. In spoken language they are alike but they write with different characters. And that suggests their differences, not in religion but in creed. In this matter, as our author tells us, the Serb has heretofore looked eastward to Constantinople, the Croat and Slovene westward to Rome. The unifying tendency of a common religion is sometimes balanced, if not overbalanced, by separatist tendencies resulting from differences in creed.

Nor could the new state be officially called by its popular name of Jugoslavia because it does not include all of Jugoslavia. And this suggests that the real problem, the solution of which would do more than anything else to guarantee the perpetuity of the Southern Slav people as one nation, is the unification of them all,—Bulgar, Serb, Croat, and Slovene. Could that be done, it would almost of necessity bring about, if not the unification, at least the federation of all the peoples of the Peninsula south of the Danube.

* * *

What would be the result of that? The student of political evolution will see that the problem in this form has two aspects. In the first place, the real unification of all of Jugoslavia would result in the disappearance of many internal questions that now cause friction, while a cordial federation of all the Balkan States would practically eliminate all of them. Thus, in its wider sense the problem of unification and federation absorbs all of the others. The great problem that confronts every virile, growing nation is access to the sea. They long for it as did Xenophon's Ten Thousand all through that terrible winter-long march over the mountains of Armenia, yearning for the sound of the waves breaking on howsoever inhospitable a coast and for the life-giving breath of the sea. Yugoslavia has no adequate railway outlet by the Adriatic. She has to rely on the Greek port of Saloniki. Her use of it depends upon the precarious good will of a neighbor. Some day she may be provoked into fighting for it; just as the United States would have fought for the outlet of the Mississippi had it not been attainable in another way, just as the Dantzic may be fought for should the League of Nations lose its continental power and influence, just as a revived Russia may again fight for access to the Eastern Baltic.

But the all-controlling reason for a cordial unification or even federation of the Balkan States is to be found in their geographical relation to the rest of Europe. They lie athwart Europe's pathway to Constantinople and the Straits, the route to the East by the Black Sea, and the coming railroads to Persia and India. Other nations besides the former Germany are beginning to feel the urge towards the rising sun,—the *Drang nach Osten*. So long as these states maintain a separatist attitude their mutual fears and jealousies and selfish aspirations for aggrandizement, possibly to the detriment of each other, will never cease to be played upon by other and more powerful nations. And by this cultivation from the outside of mutual ill will the longer they remain apart the longer and more difficult will it be ever to get together.

Cynical students of the Versailles treaty may say, as many have said, that the Covenant of the League of Nations was devised as a convenient waste-basket into which to drop problems too intricate or, for the moment, too embarrassing for solution by the makers of that treaty, and that more than one case of alleged injustice is to be explained by a too ready resort to this easy method of disposition. If so, then those who formed and accepted the Covenant builded better than they knew. But we may dismiss as undeserving of consideration so trivial an explanation of the origin of so important a document. It is true that many problems were thus "wished" upon the League of Nations acting under its covenant. Some of them had existed and perplexed the minds of men during immemorial time. The lesson books of history contained countless futile attempts at solution,—and all written in blood. Their solution when the Peace Conference was at work was still hidden in the mists of future time. But, besides these, there were many problems that were created at Versailles which, if that Conference were to settle, it would have had to sit perhaps for generations. The problem of the creation into independent states of various "submerged nations" was settled by the Conference. But what of the problem of their continued independence? The solution of that demands a continued check upon the operation of motives and influences that are forever at work. These same submerged peoples lost their ancient independence through one or another or all of three causes,—economic, political, or military. With no check upon these causes the ultimate fate of the smaller new states seems certain to be a repetition of their former fate.

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There are only two conceivable ways to check the operation of these causes working to the detriment of any nation. The first is a League of Nations—whether European or universal—strong enough and willing to enforce the principles of international justice outlined on the parchment sheet of its covenant. The smaller states, those that have no possibility of developing into powerful ones, fully realize that in the last resort of force they have no hope. They know that their alliances and ententes will in the end serve only the purpose of the strongest. It is they, therefore, that cling with the utmost tenacity to the League and pin their hopes on its covenant. It is yet to be determined whether they will find salvation by their faith.

But, if the political evolution of the world is still to be governed for a long time, as seems to be most likely, by the law of force, if certain smaller states shall be doomed to a new submergence, there is no unavoidable cause for such a fate to befall the states of the Balkans. Their physical juxtaposition, their in large degree identity in language and religion, the bonds that should hold them together forged by their centuries of struggle against a common oppressor, everything points the way through unification and federation to the evolution of a powerful group that can maintain its existence by force, so long as force is to be the law of existence.

It is time, therefore, for the peoples of the Balkan States to realize before it is too late what their one real problem is—unification and federation—and set themselves manfully to solve it.

Alfred Ollivant, the English novelist who died recently, was noted especially for his tales of Sussex. One of his best known stories, and perhaps his best work from the standpoint of literary art, was his "Owd Bob," a portrayal of a sheep dog. Among his other works are "The Gentleman," "The Royal Road," "One Woman," and "Old For-Ever."

No God Found Stronger

SHADOWS WAITING. By ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON. New York: The John Day Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELINOR WYLIE

MISS CHILTON calls her book "a melodrama of the intellect"; this is indeed so precise a description that it is doubtful whether any reviewer can find a happier one. Happy, of course, is the wrong word; there is very little happiness waiting among the shadows of this distinguished and fundamentally exciting first novel. In attaching an illuminating phrase to the dark covers of her story, the author had admitted a light into my own mind which it might otherwise have lacked; I should never in this world have found my way so easily among these shades if I had not possessed the countersign.

For melodrama it is; melodrama of the intellect and of the emotions. It belongs with the Poe of "The Fall of the House of Usher," with the de la Mare of "The Return." There is sometimes a muted suggestion of "Wuthering Heights" among its more sombre moods. Even if we are to accept the word in its strictest meaning, as a drama with a running accompaniment of music, the music is here in the hushed, slow poetry of certain scenes and the grave passion of others; the romantic, slightly unreasonable character of the setting almost—and quite deliberately, if at all—suggests "Victor, ou l'enfant de la forêt," or "Carlina, ou l'enfant du mystère." This is no "delicate fantasy," thank Heaven; it is executed with delicacy, and it is sufficiently fantastic to be true, but over and above these suaver virtues it is full of serious power and intelligence.

In the first novels of a great many clever young people feeling outstrips intellect; it is a common error to suppose that experience is necessary as an introduction to suffering. Experience reconciles one to suffering; in the case of an occasional lucky person it makes forever light of it. But young people are frequently unhappy and articulate without being either gifted or informed; the ranks of early novels are loud with the voices of such. Miss Chilton is gifted and informed beyond her present capacity for feeling; this is not to say that she has not a fine sensibility of the heart and soul, but simply that her mind has attained to a higher level than her emotions have reached as yet. The result of this exquisite discrepancy is a book far more fascinating than if its balance had inclined the other way; a little anatomy of melancholy that is all at once intense, poetic, and adorably well-bred. It is never hysterical, never trivial, and in spite of its extreme earnestness, it is never for an instant dull.

The only other modern novel of which it at all reminds me is that charming, witty, and delightfully literate book "The Counterplot," by Hope Mirrlees. Each has a theme within a theme, which is the truer reality of each; each shows an outer and an inner world. The proof that this comparison is not wholly false may be found in the quotation from Unamuno upon the title page of Miss Mirrlees' book; it might be applied with an equal appositeness as a motto for Miss Chilton's. "Every supposed restoration of the past is a creation of the future, and if the past which it is sought to restore is a dream, a thing but imperfectly known, so much the better."

I do not know whether Miss Chilton has ever read "The Tragic Sense of Life," but I feel fairly certain that she would not repudiate those words as a comment upon her book. She is obsessed by the Hellenic mythology as Miss Mirrlees is by the symbols of the Catholic Church; Miss Mirrlees' outer world is incomparably the more vivid, as Miss Chilton's inner fable is far the more living and lovely; Miss Mirrlees is subtle, ironic, and now and then enchantingly brutal, while Miss Chilton is profound and sombre and now and then disarmingly childish. But the curious likeness persists, and the several endings are after all strangely the same, translated into different idioms by diverse brilliant minds.

Of the two chief characters of "Shadows Waiting" Dennis appears to me more perfectly conceived than Haekla; he is not nearly so admirable as she, in fact he contrives to be both lovable and hateful, but he is always a breathing mortal. The interwoven tragedy of the parents' lives is pulled slowly and implacably together into a knot of disaster, which remains, however, less impressive than the mental and emotional tangle of the childrens' love. This is natural and indeed inevitable; the

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younger creatures were more important to Miss Chilton, and so their qualms of conscience and faint quarrels become more important as we read than a father's pneumonia or a mother's madness. But these elder figures are more necessary as a background to the story than even the haunted wood or the jocund flower-garden; they are twisted into its fabric, together with Persephone and Aidoneus and Orpheus, and the whole tapestry makes a clear, eccentric pattern when once the author has spread it broad before our eyes. In this tapestry trees grow almost into human beings, and human beings assume the monstrous proportions of gods, but throughout the book the heightening and darkening of tone and color are consistent and intentional. Miss Chilton is pretending that everything is a little more dreadful than it really is, in a world a little more beset by shadows than the true one, and of course in the end it comes to precisely the same thing as if she pretended it were all a bit more gracious and sunlit than the average human landscape really is during four flat seasons. These are the two divergent ways of the non-realist; in my opinion either at long last comes closer to the finger-post of actuality than any of the cinder-strewn short cuts of confessed realism.

* * *

Meanwhile, Alicia and Michael and Brian are as improbable and as convincing as Heathcliffe or Mr. Rochester or Annabel Lee. Their children are the proper flowering of such progenitors; Dennis is quite selfish and quite fanatical, and Haekla, for all her height and her stately crown of hair and her declared sanity, is none too sensible in her elaborate patience with his romantic madness. Yet, take them for all in all, they are no madder or more unreasonable in their impulses and dreams than a set of Miss Suckow's peasants are in their susceptibility to cancer and boredom.

So they become, and so they remain, real people, about whose sorrows and removed ecstasies I find myself fully as much concerned as if they inhabited Gopher Prairie instead of some vaguely Virginian or Carolinian country of the imagination. So long as Dennis and Haekla are children there is a charm about their everyday existence which makes it most veraciously remembered childhood; as they grow older—but *never, never old*—*their story takes on a* power and an inner radiance which comes not from the events of their lives but from the mind of their creator. I hope and believe that in this mind, this strange and distinguished mind of Miss Chilton's, a lantern has been kindled which may light many dark nights of the soul, that vast country which is as interesting as America and the Middle Ages rolled into one; of this country "Shadows Waiting" is a curious and beautiful province fit for the judicious to explore.

Babbitt Baiting

(*Continued from page* 621)

temperament to his shrewd analysis. But Mr. Joad is not only ill-informed, he is egregious. He takes the pointed jokes or quoted absurdities of others and adds nothing of his own but exaggeration. His is second-hand satire, two removes from reality, and there are few commodities less valuable unless it be second-hand opinions, which have the same hollow unreality.

Worse still, he lends comfort to the enemy. Instead of hating Babbitt and his tribe, after reading Mr. Joad we are irresistibly moved to bring the next Babbitt home to dinner. He was real, he was a person, he dealt in real estate not word mongering; his vulgarity begins to seem more desirable than vapid sophistication.

The Babbitts, indeed, are not unlike the pioneers of the Lincoln period. They are unlovely, they point away from civilization not toward it, they are as vulgar as the "movers" were ignorant. But they are *real*, a phenomenon not readily interpreted, a part of a nation not to be summed up from newspaper clippings and memories of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Let us alone, Mr. Joad, there are wiser men than you at the work of chastening American eccentricity. You are not of the kin of de Tocqueville and Carlyle. Ignorant criticism is worse than an impertinence, it is an impediment to good thinking. If you must write, go study East London, Glasgow, Brighton, and the more brittle areas of Chelsea, and then tell us about your home.

A Modern Novel

THE RED PAVILION. By JOHN GUNTHER. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THE advent of Mr. Gunther is bound to be noticed. But whether his first novel, "The Red Pavilion," will be greeted by cheers or catcalls is not so certain. Beyond doubt he is a bright young man, with an enormous vitality, a decided ability to write, and a rather disconcerting sense of humor. "The Red Pavilion" is a modern novel, if ever there was one; modern, in the sense that it could never have been written in any decade but the 1920's, and much less, published. It is all about mad young people who have no anchors out to hold them against the storms of ideas, and introspections, and emotions that seem constantly to toss them about. The common adjective to describe such poor creatures is "sophisticated;" although it is a poor word, it must do. Therefore we report in brief that Mr. Gunther's novel is the account of a week in the interlaced lives of some half-dozen sophisticated young people in Chicago, an account as eccentric, as stylized, and yet as poignant as those young people themselves.

Most important of the characters are Richard and Shirley, married at first for a year, then separated for two years by the simple expedient of Shirley's clearing out for Paris, and finally (as the week of the novel begins) making a frantically resolute effort to live together again. The trouble between them was, according to Mr. Gunther, difficult to define. In fact, they never know anything more than that their intelligence, and love, and self-respect somehow combined to make them unhappy, although they never wanted anyone else and although they really did love each other. But somehow, mysteriously, their little apartment held resentment and unrest, rather than even a moderate joy in living. Though we see all the time that a healthy spanking for both of them would have been a salvation, we are convinced by Mr. Gunther that their problem is genuine and deeply tragic. Therefore we accept the situation and pity them sincerely. Our pity is a great tribute to the novelist's skill.

* * *

Capering around these two unhappy souls we see three further characters, each of a distinctly less importance, that give the book its flavor. They are Leon, a poet who wants to live and suffer but finds himself impotent when opportunity to do either comes his way; Austin, a member of an unnamed University Faculty, and an impossibly cynical, self-possessed sensualist; and Doris, who believes that "universities should give courses in elementary seduction," and who does her best to remedy the lack of such academic knowledge in the young men of her somewhat random acquaintance. A fine company! A crowd of pagan obscenities! And yet they have their uses in "The Red Pavilion." They are often genuinely humorous in their attitudes, and occasionally they are pathetic. Besides, they bring into higher light the comparative virtues of the two really important figures of the novel, Richard and Shirley. These latter have, by their native gifts, come up from the commonness of the others; the contrast is revealing and valuable.

Mr. Gunther's sense of humor is unique, often, in its workings, and therefore it will annoy many readers. Chiefly it manifests itself in the manufacture and insertion into dialogue of lists—lists of chemicals, poisons, tortures, colors, goods in stationery stores, gods. For no valid reason a character will burst forth with a long, absurd list, and the narrative will stop on a dead center. Such fun is all right for friendly readers, but what a chance it gives to zealous seekers for points of attack. Mr. Gunther should have omitted these enumerations, especially the one on pages 143-4, which, with its accompanying text, is uncomfortably reminiscent of H. L. Mencken's "Memorial Service" in the third series of "Prejudices." And then there are the footnotes, which cannot be explained except as a sardonic kidding by Mr. Gunther of his own book. They really are deliciously funny, too funny to be extracted from the novel and set down in this review. Some readers will consider them a serious attempt to give further information, but that theory is utterly ridiculous. Mr. Gunther is not such a great fool as all that.

It is easy to find scores and hundreds of examples of third-rate English, of lapses into bad taste, and poor artistry in "The Red Pavilion." Anyone can do it. But the pedant, in so occupying himself, will miss the forest for the trees. John Gunther does not, with this first novel, take any particular place in contemporary fiction. Thus far he is too much of a literary sport, he is too undisciplined and high-spirited, for us to see what his most valuable gifts to our fiction may be. But we realize that he is with us, and if we are wise we shall be thankful.

A Genius of the Press

HORACE GREELEY. By DON C. SEITZ. Indianapolis: Bobbs-MerrillCo. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MR. SEITZ has given us an eminently readable and often moving life of Horace Greeley, but not the definitive one for which there is a genuine need. He has obviously desired to be just and he has presented differing views as to this extraordinary genius of the press. The outlines of the picture are correct, they are well drawn, and in the main the portrait will stand. For those who want a short life this will supply the need for some time, but he has not dug deep enough to make the work completely authoritative, nor, one *is inclined to think*, has he worked slowly enough or taken space enough. Thus in his account of Horace Greeley's trip to Colorado on his way to California in 1859 he fails to bring out the fact that it was Greeley's certification that there was gold in Colorado, signed also by Albert D. Richardson and another journalist, which gave the first reliable information to the east as to the mining operations in Colorado, and induced to considerable degree the great emigration of 1860. Instead of these and other facts, Mr. Seitz gives us Artemus Ward's familiar description of Greeley's ride to Placerville. Again, his statements as to the John Brown raid are inaccurate in several particulars, and he persists in saying that it was James C. Breckinridge who ran for the Presidency in 1860 and was Vice-President for the four preceding years— it was, of course, John C. Breckinridge. Like many another writer of this period, Mr. Seitz believes that the north took fire after the Dred Scott decision and because of it. It is not so clear now that this is borne out by the latest evidence.

On the other hand Mr. Seitz has avoided the temptation to conceal the weaknesses of his subject, and he has clearly shown how this journalist, the most colorful, vigorous, and picturesque personality which ever conducted a metropolitan journal, was undermined and brought to a premature end by his craving for public office. To be the mouthpiece of multitudes—his weekly *Tribune* had at one time 250,000 subscribers scattered all over the country—and the most influential political journalist of his day, was not sufficient to satisfy Mr. Greeley. He once went to Congress and variously wished to be Postmaster of New York City, Lieutenant-Governor, and Governor of New York, and Senator from that state. He was actually nominated for Minister to Austria, and would undoubtedly have accepted it had he been confirmed by the Senate. He eagerly fell for Mr. Lincoln's definite promise of the Postmaster Generalship in his second Cabinet and the next day swung the *Tribune* to Lincoln's support although he rightly guessed that Mr. Lincoln would not keep that promise—the President never again said a word to him about it. Finally in 1872 he obtained the Presidential nomination from the liberal Republicans, only to be defeated and to die broken-hearted a few days later. It was an era when editors could be and usually expected to be bought off by political favors. Mr. Lincoln stopped James Gordon Bennett's antagonism to his reëlection by offering the post of Minister to France to Bennett who, in his day, was as notorious and as much a degrader of the press as William R. Hearst in his time.

Indeed, the most valuable portion of Mr. Seitz's Greeley is his handling of the relations between Lincoln and the editor of the *Tribune*. The story reflects very little credit on the Emancipator. There is no doubt that Greeley was much feared in the White House. Mr. Seitz believes that the responsibility for the premature advance to Bull Run was due to Greeley's "On to Richmond" campaign in the *Tribune*, but the actual making of this demand in the *Tribune* was the work of Charles A. Dana, in Greeley's absence. The defeat at Bull Run prostrated Greeley. He wrote on the 29th of July, 1861, a distraught letter suggesting an armistice because of the possibility that all hope of victory

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had gone. By January of the next year he was against all compromise. Still a year later he was intriguing for a policy of foreign mediation. His whole attitude during the war was so unstable and so completely boxed the compass that Lincoln might have been pardoned if he had altogether ignored his editorials and private letters.

On August 19, 1862, Greeley rendered his greatest service of the war period by his open letter to the President entitled "The Prayer of Twenty Millions" in which he most eloquently belabored the point that the war could not be won without emancipation. To this Lincoln replied by telegraph on the 22nd of August, his dispatch containing the sentence "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not to save or destroy slavery." As Mr. Seitz points out this telegram was no answer at all to Mr. Greeley's "Prayer." Greeley himself very generously pretended that it had been written before the President saw the "Prayer." One month later the Emancipation Proclamation was made public; Mr. Lincoln had changed his ground. At the same time he removed General George B. McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac. Mr. Seitz plainly believes that this, too, was done for political reasons.

Nonetheless Mr. Greeley was willing to act for the President in July, 1864, in seeing some semi-official Confederates, C. C. Clay of Alabama, and Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, who had come to the Canadian side of Niagara Falls in the hope of initiating peace negotiations between the North and the South. Mr. Greeley met with the usual fate of the meddler and go-between owing to misrepresentations made to him, and came out of the matter under bitter criticism and contumely. He demanded of Lincoln that the entire correspondence between them be published. The President declined unless certain portions were stricken out and twisted the facts by writing to Henry J. Raymond that he had prosposed the publication. Greeley rightly went ahead and published the correspondence in full.

As for Greeley, the editor, Mr. Seitz believes that he "possessed an equipment for the metropolitan newspaper field not duplicated in that day or this." Greeley *was* an editor in the truest sense for he edited his paper from beginning to end and did not merely write brilliant editorials, like Edwin L. Godkin in the *Evening Post*. His mind was stored with facts, dates, and happenings, for he had an amazingly retentive memory. But more than that he wrote with warmth, earnestness, and often passion. His was personal journalism carried to the nth degree, for he often identified himself with and in his editorials. His style was effective and direct and he invariably gave the impression that he was laying his cards on the table and taking his readers into his confidence. They forgave him his many mistakes of judgment and policy, as his friends forgave him his personal failings, because they realized the vigor and vitality and essential honesty of the man and his ardent desire to serve his causes and his country.

Some people think we are better off today because the great personalities have disappeared from the press, because the day of the great editor is over. No one can read this book of Mr. Seitz without realizing, however, that the newspaper world of today is drab and dull compared with the time when its outstanding figures were men like Dana, William Cullen Bryant, Henry J. Raymond, and Greeley. They were not merely remarkable editors, they were tremendously vigorous and interesting personalities, and they played important rôles in the history of their country.

With the death of Georg Brandes on February 19, Denmark lost its foremost critic, and literature one of its ablest exponents. In addition to his six volume work, "Main Currents of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," he published some three score volumes including biographies of Ibsen, Lasalle, Nietzsche, Disraeli, Byron, Shakespeare, Shelley, Heine, and Balzac among others. In later life he wrote extensive studies of Goethe, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar, and Michael Angelo. Only a short time before his death appeared his "Jesus, a Myth." Brandes's outspokenness in early life against the reactionary character of the Danish government, against the Church, against the University of Copenhagen, and against literature raised a storm against him. He was expelled from the faculty of the university, and was practically forced into exile by public sentiment. By 1883, however, he was recalled to its staff.

The BOWLING GREEN

Turkish Teeth

I FOUND old Quercus alone at the back of the shop; he had given his two young assistants the evening off to go to "The King's Henchman." "Though I don't know if it's wise," he remarked. "It's a charming thing, with some enchanting love lyrics in it, and the ice is getting very thin under their skates."

"Why not?" I said. "Surely, P. E. G., you can't shut two young people up in a bookshop with a thing like 'As It Was,' and not cause some agitation."

His eyes rested pensively on the framed photograph of Venus Anadyomene that hangs over his desk.

"Why not, indeed?" he replied. "Of course 'As It Was' is so lovely a thing that it will frighten them away from some of the baser forms of revelry. A pure Aegean idyll, but more honest than most of the Mediterranean pastorals. That reminds me, Jocunda and Young Amherst have been grumbling because I won't buy one of the $20,000 copies of Lawrence's 'Revolt in the Desert.' They resent the fact that the regular edition is only half the book."

"Even so, there's more in it than most readers will properly appreciate," I said.

"You bet there is; and gosh, how that man can write. But I'm not opposed, nor is any sensible man, to what I call not censorship but selective circulation. The majority of people will always remain ignorant of many phases of life, and it's better that they should. The beauty of the higher mathematics, for example, the ambiguities of non-Euclidean geometry, are fortunately unsuspected by the average."

"Yes, I believe in judicious discretion myself, P. E. G. You will have noticed what tactful omissions I make in reporting some of your speculations on non-Euclidean morals. When you get beyond plane geometry I keep it to myself. What's the good of frightening subscribers with spherical trigonometry?"

"Well," he said, "if Jocunda and Young Amherst are typical of *Saturday Review* readers, they'll conspue you as soon as they suspect you're holding out on them. You remember that story Lawrence tells in his book, about the important Arabian chieftain who joined the Allied forces. Suddenly, in the middle of supper, he shouted 'God forbid!' and ran out of the tent. Lawrence heard a sound of hammering outside, and went to see what was happening. There was the sheik, or whatever you call him, pounding his false teeth to bits with a rock. 'I had forgotten,' he explained, 'Jemal Pasha gave me these. I was eating my Lord's bread with Turkish teeth.' He had few teeth of his own, and he went half-starved and very uncomfortable until a dentist was sent from Egypt to make him a pukka Allied set. Well, younger readers nowadays are very like that. They won't masticate their literature with Turkish teeth. They want to do their chewing with their own grinders."

"They swallow a good deal of premasticated philosophy from Will Durant," I was beginning, but Quercus overhauled me.

"I've been trying to steer them to quieter matters," he said. "The equinox is coming and they'll have trouble enough anyway. Something like the 'Autobiography of B. R. Haydon,' or that really rather beautiful novel 'Shadows Waiting'; but they're all for things that can be grasped in a hurry. It's odd, these young modernists don't realize how adorably conservative they are. 'The King's Henchman,' for instance, is as deliciously old-fashioned as Tennyson; that's what I've always liked about Millay, she is a poet not in some gust of fashion but rooted in the oldest traditions. Take a really modernist poet, like John Crowe Ransom, they're afraid of him because his stuff needs a lot of thought. His new book, 'Two Gentlemen in Bonds' —I love it because it's beautiful and passionate and queer; it's really outrageous, the charm of his bastard rhymes, they're steeped in the pawkiest, most mischievous humor, he's invented a way of saying things that seems to me absolutely his own. But then I'm a bit of an eccentric about poetry, I'm afraid."

He patted the two little books affectionately.

"I wonder why people aren't more inventive about hunting for poetry," he continued. "The rarest thing in the world is to have anyone come in and browse an hour or so along the poetry shelves, really looking for something that speaks to them. No, they all want what someone has told them they ought to read, or some Book of the Month Club has vouched for. How many of 'em discovered Leonard Bacon's 'Animula Vagula?' "

"What do you think I ought to do about this?" he said, picking up a sheet of paper. "Young Amherst has taken to writing poetry, and I'm rather embarrassed about it. I found this between the pages of the *Publishers' Weekly* he'd been reading. Evidently he'd forgotten it, and I don't know whether to let him know I've seen it. Do you think it would be better for them both if I destroyed it? But it's quite a stride for young Amherst—wouldn't Professor Genung, or Calvin Coolidge, or Dwight Morrow, or somebody, be pleased if they knew?"

The manuscript, though considerably disfigured by erasures, was legible as follows:

To. J. V.

Such strong silence I had learned,
When to cloak, when to dissemble
Passionate desires that burned,
Lonely nights that made me tremble.

So, accustomed to disguise,
Taught by distance and transgression,
When at last I met your eyes
I spoke still with some discretion.

Then the sudden triumph grew:
I by merriment was chidden—
I don't need to hide from you
Thoughts that just for you were hidden.

"Destroying it wouldn't do any good," I said. "If that's his first poem he knows it by heart and would write it out again."

"But the young rascal," said Quercus, chuckling. "I haven't seen any signs in him of 'strong silence.' No, nor of discretion either."

"He must read Lee Dodd's new book," I said.

"What, a new book by Lee Dodd? I haven't heard of it. That's my meat."

"It's not out yet, but I've just found this delightful announcement of it in the John Day catalogue. It's called 'The Golden Complex,' a Defense of Inferiority, and here's the description of it:"—

Is the inferiority complex going out? It is recognized in certain scientific circles that this invaluable adjunct to the psychic life of man is being looked upon with profound disfavor and it is said that a movement is actually on foot to suppress it. Mr. Dodd rises, like Oliver Wendell Holmes in defense of Old Ironsides, to preserve this inestimable boon for the benefit of humanity. In a historical résumé which, for all its learning, is inspired with the same wit that characterizes his non-scientific work he traces the evolution of the inferiority complex from its origin in the primordial ooze to its culmination in many of our contemporary Great. In addition, he analyzes for the benefit of the average person the workings of the inferiority complex, explains its value in social and commercial life, and gives brief directions upon how to acquire it.

"You can give them a copy as a betrothal present," I added.

P. E. G.'s comments on betrothals were interrupted by a bustle at the front door, and in burst Jocunda and Young Amherst, radiant from the Opera House. Their casual air was perfect, but Jocunda's lips were so like *fraises des bois* that I suspected them of having been rerubricated very recently.

"Oh it was corking!" she exclaimed. "Simply stunning. Gee whiz, P. E. G., what lyrics. You know, the kind that makes you feel as though you'd been rubbed all over with menthol. Gee, it's great to think of a couple of Americans taking that old Anglo-Saxon stuff and putting it over."

"It's given us a grand idea," said Amherst. "We're going to make an opera out of Chaucer's 'Troilus,' you know those old legends are as modern as the County Fair—"

Quercus winked genially at me. "But they wouldn't believe that when they heard it at college. Another case of Turkish teeth," he said slyly. "Run along, chilluns, I want to finish my 'Murder at Smutty Nose.' It was a happy day for me when as good a writer as Edmund Pearson turned his talent to murder. Why are you always raving about Bolitho and Tennyson Jesse? Edmund Pearson's as good as any of 'em."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Jazzing Baudelaire

BAUDELAIRE: PROSE AND POETRY. Translated by ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS
Johns Hopkins University

THIS well-printed volume contains the selections "printed for the Casanova Society" in England: i.e., the prose-poems, parts of the "Paradis Artificiels" and about half of the poetry. It includes none of the poems written after 1857, omitting "L'Albatros," "La Chevelure," "Les Petites Vielles," "Rêve Parisien," "Le Voyage," and some fifty others, including such essential confessions as "L'Examen de Minuit" and "L'Imprévu." Nor does it contain one page from the two volumes of criticism. Yet the jacket of the book makes the claim: Baudelaire Complete!

The prose translations have been corrected: the many words and phrases sacrificed to rhythm in the English edition are restored, and the result is fairly satisfactory. But half of the verse translations are beyond correction: we are far from the level of Mr. Symons's renderings of Verlaine. One is reminded of the side-splitting enormities of freshman examination papers by gems like "fear not pollution" for "*sans peur pullule*;" and "Pure fruits of outrages and of virginless nights" for "*Fruits pour de tout outrage et vierges de gercures.*" Add to such blunders Gallicisms like "regard" for "glance," "flairing," for *flairer*, to scent, and translations trailing off into such metaphor as "The superb carcass was not even blinking under the aching moon" (it is morning in the stanza above!) and we cease to marvel at the frequency of paraphrased lines.

For the joy of paraphrase lies in its variety. You may exaggerate, put "Sensuality" for *voluptés calmes*, or "two detestable Hags" for *deux aimables filles*. You may be perverse: you may write "heart withered and malign" for *coeur autrefois flétri*, "terrible games of Vice" for *terribles jeux*, "O kisses mad, ferocious" for *O baisers infinis!* You may substitute a contrary, turn *clarté mystique* into "shadows orgiastic" *pieuses entrailles* into "infamous entrails," *odeur de la santé* into "odor of scents demented." You may add a bit of Satanism, write "Evil's expiation" for *Puissances suprêmes*, "hell's infernal stream" for *des rivages heureux*, "green as sins in the serpent's mesh" for *verts comme des prairies*. When translating the sonnet to Beauty, you may put "Satan has never seen me laughing or even weeping" for *Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris*, and end the poem "mine eyes immense—Satan's delights"—a richer substitute for *mes larges yeux de clartés éternelles!* One need not have the discretion here attributed to Baudelaire's cat, which to express its thoughts "needs no words—not even the devil's!"

Mr. Symons loves to "devil-up" the sense of his too-Tennysonian poet. Hence he adds such touches to nearly every page. He even puts them into lyrics innocent of Satanism or perversity: *Que les soleils sont beaux dans les chaudes soirées* becomes "Scents and heats of Hell's hallucinations!" —and *La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison* "Night and the absolute horror of a Vision." He adds, too, Sadistic touches, reading "O thou in whom my pleasure bites and smites" for *O toi, tous mes plaisirs, ô toi, tous mes devoirs!* Why not? According to his legend Baudelaire could hardly have thought of duty—that *bête noire* which overshadows his letters.

Follow the legend rather than the text! Thus we shall get Baudelaire "jazzed-up" enough for even Anglo-Saxon patrons of those Montmartre dives, so alluringly painted by Mr. Symons in his Verlainian early verse. And these added touches have their interest and their humor if compared with the original. When Mr. Symons translates *Je suis la pipe d'un auteur* by "I am the pipe of a great joker," he can end the octave:

If he sees a woman he can choke her,
And I smoke exactly like the hovel
In which one reads a naughty novel:
He sees her cheeks covered with ochre.

How tamely Lamartinian, in contrast, is the French!

Quand il est comblé de douleur,
Je fume comme la chaumine
Où se prépare la cuisine
Pour le retour du laboureur.

For the Anglo-Saxons of Montmartre, as for the critics who in their ignorance of French fondly imagine Baudelaire is always as perverse and seductive as Rimsky-Korsakov's Schéherezade, such verse is far too simple. Better add a touch of sex. Make *Gavarni, poète des chloroses* "Gavarni, Poet of sexual poses," let the blood which in the poet's fancy ebbs *avec un long murmure* flow "as the swooned sexual senses." Add "Everywhere Prostitution becomes more difficult, as one who leads spirits into ways occult," even if there is nothing to hang it on save the two words *occult chemin*. Defile even the lovely verses describing the poet's dinners as a boy with his widowed mother (*Je n'ai pas oublié, voisine de la ville*) in this fashion:

And the sun, that shone before our days were ended,
Behind the window, where we enjoyed the offended
Eyes of the Gods, who pitiless to all sinners,
Saw all our lazy and luxurious dinners,
Where we composed, adoring the sunsets, the fashions
Of Latin lovers who had assuaged their passions.

When the poet, filled with a spiritual love, sings of Mme. Sabatier's eyes, *Vous marchez en chantant le Réveil de mon âme*, substitute as here, "you celebrate *our Death*; You advance in singing my soul's eternal shame." Let his memory of her, which in *L'aube spirituelle* inspires the lines *Ainsi, toujours vainqueur, ton fantôme est pareil, Ame resplendissante, à l'immortel soleil* make way for this climax:

By all the Devils
That haunt my soul and damn me for my Obsession,
Save not my Soul but by its own Confession!

Translate *bijoux* by the singular, for the volume can be privately printed. Pay no attention to final lines if they do not suggest double rhymes; we moderns can devise better ones. Though Baudelaire uses mostly full-sounding rhyme-words (*tord, mord*) rather than double rhymes, bend everything to your cult of the double rhyme, for this is the law of jazz.

So, let the creaking sign "swing in Latin," for it hangs on a batten; make the statue of the Commander in "Don Juan" "A man of stone from the Ghetto" so as to let the Don "finger his stiletto" instead of leaning upon his rapier; let your fancy give "anthers" to the panthers and "arracks" to the lanterns, for you need a rhyme for "barracks." Don't work out a fairly obvious literal version of "Le Guignon," which runs:

'Tis a burden of a sort
—Sisyphus!—thy strength to irk!
Though our hearts are in the work,
Art is long and life is short.

Toward a burial plot that from
Famous tombs is placed apart,
Rolling out its dirge, my heart
Hastens like a muffled drum. . . .

No! Why pursue the letter when double rhymes are better? Do it thus:

To lift a load so heavy and crazy
One must have your courage, Sisyphus!
If the heart of Tantalus is lazy,
Art's long, Time's short, for Tantalus.

Far from graves where vermin are feeding
On bodies in miasmic marshes,
My heart, my passionate heart is bleeding,
The very sense within me parches. . . .

For Baudelaire "Art was long" indeed: he kept most of these verses in manuscript for fifteen years, correcting them. That is why they have the conciseness and density of Latin. To expand their lines as they are expanded throughout this selection, to disregard their classical metrics and severe Parnassian rhetoric, to transmogrify their potencies and slaver over the whole with perversity is not to translate Baudelaire. It is, as is implied in the Preface, merely to translate the translator.

Chapman and Hall of London announce the publication this spring of "The Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor," now for the first time edited from the authentic manuscripts of the author and the rare, privately printed books in the collection of Thomas J. Wise, the English collector and bibliographer. The edition, which will be limited and sold only in sets, will be complete in about twelve volumes, edited and annotated by T. Earle Welby. Each volume will contain a portrait or other illustration. Uniform with the new edition, and sold separately, will be a new critical biography of Landor, written by Mr. Welby.

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Books of Special Interest

East and West

EUROPE AND THE EAST. By NORMAN DWIGHT HARRIS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by STANLEY HIGH

MORE or less unwilling western nations are taking stock, in a most exhaustive fashion, of their interests in the Orient. Particularly careful is this appraisal in relation to the policies by which those interests have been fostered. It is likely, moreover, that the job will be fairly well done for it is being carried forward under the closest and frequently antagonistic scrutiny of the people of the Orient themselves.

Two facts—their importance largely a product of the post-war world—have brought about this development. In the first place, the war itself committed the west to a new, if paper, program relative to the rights of so-called backward nations. In the second place, with the war and the part that the East played in it, and with the subsequent relaxing of Occidental concern for and control over developments in Asia, there has come a rapid increase in the confidence of Oriental peoples in their ability to adopt toward the west the same policies which the west, with obvious material success, has employed toward Asia.

Whatever relationship the future may establish, the old policies—as Professor Harris indicates—are played out. "The success of the movement," he writes, relative to the ascendency of the West in Asia, is unquestioned if one counts the results simply in dollars and cents. For the trade of Europe and the Americas has profited in countless ways. But, when viewed in all its aspects and manifold activities, one must admit that, thus far, this world-embracing enterprise has been a complete failure, in spite of so many individual efforts brilliant in themselves, and of certain isolated successes here and there.

This failure, Professor Harris ascribes to three things: first, to Occidental density, i.e., inability to understand the real problems involved in the contacts between civilizations; two, the determination of western nations to shift the responsibility for untoward developments, either to the shoulders of other Western nations or to those of the "inexplicable" Orientals; third, the cut-throat nationalism of the West that has prevented any coöperative approach to the problems of the relationship between the Orient and the Occident.

"Europe and the East" is a chronicle of the failure of Western imperialism. The fact that the period of imperialism may be drawing to a close provides a significant setting for this record. To draw within one volume the detailed account of "Europe and the East" is, obviously, a difficult undertaking and accounts, doubtless, for the fact that Professor Harris is frequently obliged to array his facts after the manner of an encyclopædia rather than a political narrative.

But if Professor Harris has been obliged to gather a vast assortment of data, he has not permitted his own interpretations to be crowded out. He reviews the background of European ascendency in the Near East, the Middle East, and the Far East and it is doubtful if one can find in any other single volume so accurate a portrayal of the developments which have contributed to the unrest that is stirring the Orient against western domination.

The new conflict, for which the author believes the Asiatic stage is set, will arise, so he asserts, out of three movements: the Teutonic, the Asiatic, and the Slavic; "and the future civilization of the East and of Oceanica depends upon the outcome of this conflict." Of these three movements, he finds the Teutonic, sponsored by the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and Australasia, at present in the ascendency. The Asiatic civilization—under the aggressive leadership of Japan—has yet to find its stride; while Slavic civilization, now dominated by the Soviets, is gaining a constantly larger place in the Oriental sun.

The outcome of this conflict of civilizations, Professor Harris finds in an adequate adaptation of the policy of self-determination. "Everything depends upon the ability of the great powers to 'see eye to eye' in world affairs and to assure complete freedom of action and development to every nation." The ideal of self-determination, released in an inchoate world unprepared to realize it, has wrought a vast amount of havoc in these post-war years. The same ideal applied with the sympathy and understanding for which Professor Harris appeals may yet help Europe and Asia out of the period of coercive relationships to one of genuine coöperation.

Civil War and Law

CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS UNDER LINCOLN. By JAMES G. RANDALL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by LANDON S. ROBINSON

A WRITTEN constitution under the crisis of civil war is obviously subjected to a severer test of competency than under the stress of a foreign conflict. Of this difference the United States furnishes the classic historical example. Professor Randall's twenty chapters trace with aptly selected details the constitutional perplexities which confronted Lincoln's administration with war problems complicated by the absence of adequate historical precedents, by the collateral necessity of managing the long established incubus of slavery, and of restoring a large section of the country dissevered by the act of secession. Sixty years after we can look judicially at Lincoln's enlargement of the army without congressional authority, at his encroachment upon the legislative function by laying down rules for the guidance of federal armies in the field, and by his expenditure of public money without specific appropriation for the purpose. In addition there were the incidents of arbitrary arrests, the use of martial law, a mild suppression of disloyal newspapers, the suspension of the privilege of *habeas corpus*, conscription, and the executive freeing of slaves held by those still in revolt against the Government.

In certain localities of the North, where public sentiment was most confused, a cautious policy of repressing a few papers most violently obstructive to the national programme was employed for brief periods. The policy of press control, by civil or administrative process, was on the whole unsuccessful: "our Constitution and laws lacked a specific legal remedy for journalistic wrongs against the Government." In some communities popular indignation expressed itself in mob violence against disloyal papers. Lincoln, tolerant of criticism, apparently gave his personal attitude toward the whole question in his instructions to General Schofield, to restrain assemblies and papers "working palpable injury to the military . . . and in no other case will you interfere with the expression of opinion in any form. . . ." The Postmaster General's prohibition of the mails to disloyal papers was more successful, since it was defended both upon precedent and the judicial interpretation of the First Amendment. Newspaper correspondents in the armies frequently gave useful information to the enemy, but their punishment by court martial rarely exceeded their expulsion from the military lines.

The President's suspension of the privilege, not the writ, of *habeas corpus* precipitated very naturally a controversy over the question of authority. The indecisiveness of the Constitution and the absence of a Supreme Court decision lead the author to conclude that "the essential question is not who suspends, but whether the emergency actually calls for summary arrest, and whether the rule of necessity is observed in taking and holding prisoners." He finds that the privilege was suspended to permit prisoners to be held until it was consistent with public safety for them either to be tried or released. More complicated is the story of the steps leading to the final suppression of slavery. Congressional acts for the confiscation of enemy property and the compensated emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia were followed by emancipation by executive fiat in regions not under federal army control. Criticized both for its limited scope as well as on the point of prerogative, Lincoln justified his Proclamation as a means of weakening resistance to the national authority. His civil plan was to encourage federal and State coöperation in voluntary and compensated emancipation. As one follows the wrinkled course of emancipation to its culmination in the Thirteenth Amendment one is still more deeply impressed with the impact of successively developing circumstances as the necessary and proper force behind a slow but steady expansion of constitutional authority. The nation's participation in the late world war raised no such irritating constitutional perplexities as Lincoln's administration had to face. In the later conflict executive leadership was made clear by ample laws providing expeditiously for the needs of military efficiency. What, according to Professor Randall, gave most significant force to Lincoln's leadership was "his fundamental conviction that the Union was bound up with the welfare of the country."

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—*Herbert Gorman in the N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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Literature Abroad

By Ernest Boyd

THE TALBOT PRESS of Dublin has just published "Anglo-Irish Literature," by Hugh Law, a book which I welcome all the more because it will stand for some time as a reminder, to others besides myself, of our literary sins of omission. Mr. Law was for many years a member of the pre-Sinn Fein Nationalist Party in Ireland, and he was naturally more concerned with politics than with literature. In fact, if I am not mistaken, this is his first book. In it he undertakes a task which might more logically have come from some Irish critic or literary historian. Many times Æ. discussed with me the possibility of writing a complete history of Anglo-Irish literature by adding a companion volume to "Ireland's Literary Renaissance"—a volume covering the period from the eighteenth century down to the beginnings of the modern movement.

While the skeleton of that volume still lies amongst my papers, Mr. Law has produced a little book which, to some extent at least, realizes Æ.'s wish. "Anglo-Irish Literature," as its title implies, attempts to cover the whole subject. Thus, while supplementing "Ireland's Literary Renaissance," it is not in any sense a supplementary volume to that work. Mr. Law surveys not only the modern writers but the entire period. The roll call of names is an imposing one and perhaps explains why, although Ireland as a whole is indifferent to her literature, she has been prodigal in her contributions to the literature of the English-speaking world. The first Irish names of note in that literature were Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Burke, Thomas Moore, Mangan, Lever, Carleton. Then came Ferguson, Standish O'Grady, Æ., Yeats, Wilde, Shaw, Synge, George Moore, Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, James Stephens, Padraic Colum, Seumas O'Sullivan, James Joyce, Dunsany, Seumas O'Kelly, Sean O'Casey, Liam O'Flaherty.

With the exception of Wilde and Shaw, the names in the later group have all been very definitely and closely associated with Ireland. But the eighteenth and early nineteenth century writers have been hitherto submerged in the general stream of English literature. Mr. Law has at last disannexed them and given Ireland a comprehensive conspectus of the Irish character as manifested in literature. Not so very long ago it was customary in Ireland to dismiss writers like Yeats and Synge and Æ. as "un-Irish" because they did not write in Irish, and to sneer at them as "West Britons" for using the language spoken by the vast majority of the Irish people. But that was during the years of political stress and strain, when a certain unreasonableness pervaded men's minds, as was the case amongst the combatant nations during the World War.

Nowadays, I suppose, a calmer view can be taken, and it may well be that Hugh Law will be congratulated on having so generously increased the contingent of West British writers. It always has been an irony of fate in Ireland that persons of unimpeachable loyalty to the British government, even persons violently and stupidly opposed to national ideals, are invariably as authentically Irish as most "rebels," and frequently more so. It is only by the recognition of that fact that it is possible to write the history of Anglo-Irish literature, for if that literature is the reflection of Irish life and character, of the Irish genius, it will offer the same contradictions and discrepancies as the Irish people themselves. The intellect and imagination of the race are a blend of Gael and Dane, Saxon and Norman. The Gaelic element, as Æ. has said, is the "Mendelian dominant," which has reappeared in the literature of the past thirty years.

In the earliest Irish literature in English there is no trace of that element, but a consciousness of a separate national mentality, if not of separate national identity, can be seen in Swift and Berkeley. In Thomas Moore a faint flavor of the Gaelic tradition is noticeable. Thomas MacDonagh, in his "Literature in Ireland," has traced the development in Anglo-Irish poetry of that tradition, which he called the "Irish mode." Assonantal and vowel effects were noticed in the poetry of Yeats and Æ. by students of Gaelic metrics at a time when neither of them was aware of the peculiarities of Gaelic verse. When Gaelic scholars like Ferguson and Hyde deliberately set themselves to establishing the relationship between the old literature of Ireland in Irish and the new literature of Ireland in English, that movement was born whose history I have tried to sketch in "Ireland's Literary Renaissance."

Many critics have wondered why that book omitted modern Irish writers of such distinction as Shaw and Wilde. If they will read Mr. Law's "Anglo-Irish Literature," they will know why. He has not restricted himself to the study of such writers as illustrated the emergence into the Irish consciousness and into Anglo-Irish literature of that sense of the Gaelic past. Provided a writer be Irish by birth and temperament, Hugh Law admits him, for otherwise it would not be possible to measure the share of the Anglo-Irish in English literature. Swift, for example, whose Irish birth was accidental, appears in perspective as the precursor of those contemporary and autochthonous Irish writers whose faculty of harsh cynicism and disillusionment so frequently surprises romantic admirers of the Ireland of fairies and leprechauns. "Ulysses" is as quintessentially Irish as "The Lake Isle of Inisfree," "The Playboy of the Western World," "Wild Earth," and "The Crock of Gold." If only two of these show a quality which we find in Swift, all of them have their moods identical with those of Gaelic literature.

If men have been permitted to die for Ireland whose claim to an unbroken Irish lineage cannot stand for one moment, it seems strange that those who have increased her prestige and illustrated her genius in the world should be challenged. If the same tests were applied by Gaelic jingoes to the political heroes as have been applied to the representative men of letters, Ireland would be shorn of almost all her leaders. Irishmen of other than Gaelic descent have accepted, or been moulded by, the culture of the country, and only the wildest doctrinaires continue to deny the racial facts of Irish history. In that blend of races lies the secret of a national and cultural vitality which has never been so strikingly and concisely presented as in "Anglo-Irish Literature," a history which practically coincides with that period within which is contained the history of the United States.

A Spanish Comedy

OLD SPAIN. By Azorín (José Martínez Ruíz). Madrid: Editorial Caro Raggio. 1926.

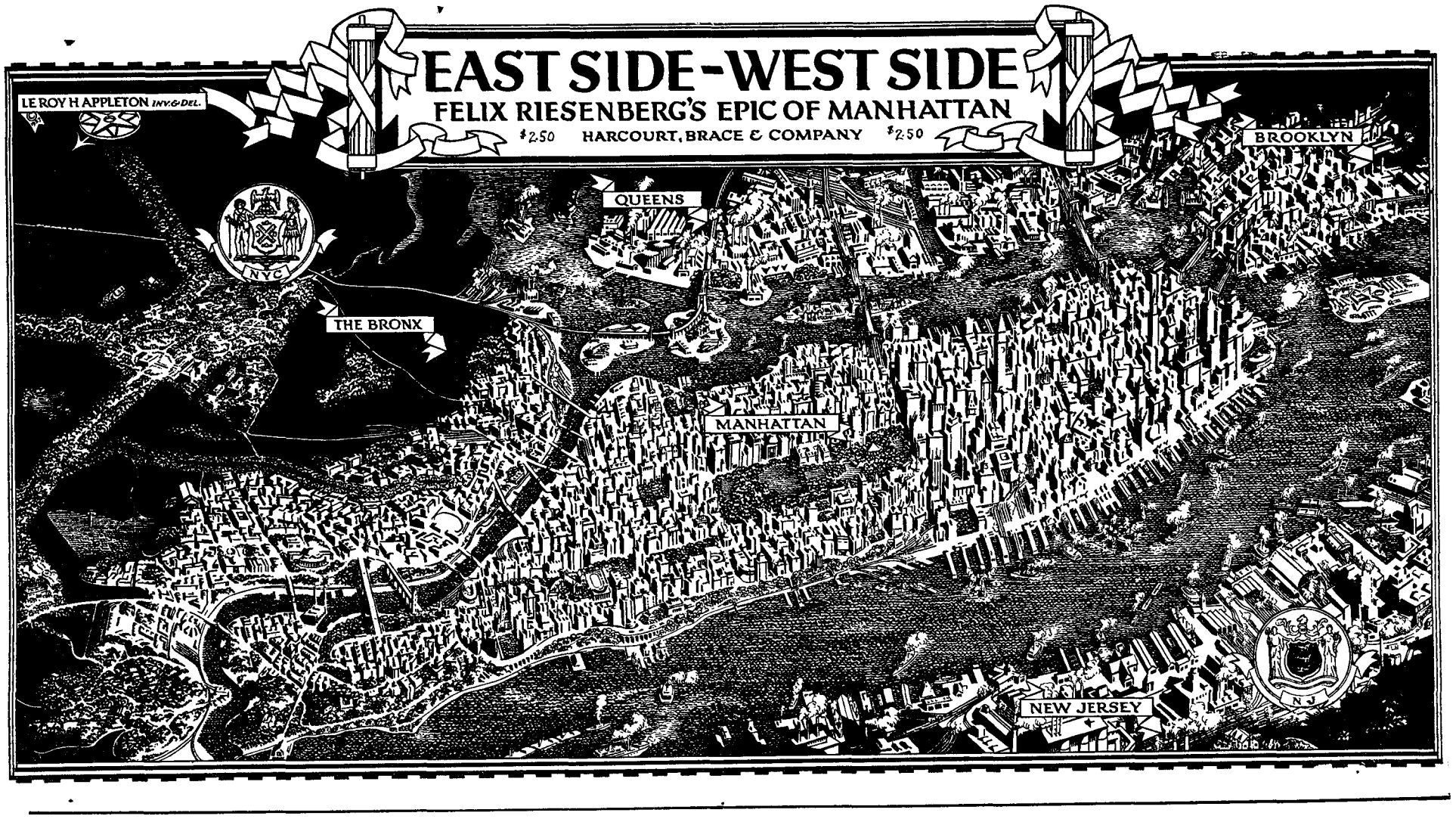
Reviewed by Wifred A. Beardsley

THOSE who pride themselves on knowing the world's best literature and who think that Blasco Ibáñez and Pío Baroja are the pride of the Spanish peninsula should read "Old Spain" by Azorín. The title is perhaps misleading, as these are the only English words in this three act comedy. Here we have the *commedia* in its best sense. There is ample humor throughout, but the humor proceeds from the author's characterizations of village folk rather than from conscious word-play. To an American the subject itself is hackneyed, yet to a Spaniard it offers room for the highest tragedy or the lowest comedy, according to the author's gifts.

A youthful Spanish Yankee named Joaquín González Moore is the happy possessor of several million dollars, and has always loved his other homeland. We soon find him incognito in Nebreda, a small town typical of Castilla. In his "guest-house" gossip immediately begins, and half the town think him a monster and half a hero. He meets the Marqués de Cilleros and his exceedingly attractive daughter the Condesita. Don Joaquín has philosophical talks with both. Concerning the Condesita there is obviously only one thing to do, and Don Joaquín does it. He chooses, however, to fall in love in the grand manner—so typical of Yankees; he offers to patch up the village cathedral, build a hospital, remodel the Casino, and distribute hundreds of thousands of pesetas as largess to the townspeople if his lady will have him. Of course he wins, but not without giving the Condesita a decent chance to avoid him.

Hardly a scene from Prologue to curtain is other than obviously humorous, yet it is never gaudy, cheap, or vulgar humor. Azorín's characters are all individuals, and in the end his humor is only a cloak for his intense and innate seriousness. This is in keeping with the highest Spanish tradition. Such as consider Don Quixote a humorous figure will probably think "Old Spain" a farce, yet both are imbued with that search for ultimate values and ultimate truth which has always marked the best of Spanish letters. In "Old Spain" two worlds are fused, that of American bigness and progress and that of Spanish reflection, tranquillity, and inwardness.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has received a letter signed by a large number of the most prominent writers in Great Britain and the continent of Europe protesting against the use without authorization of James Joyce's "Ulysses" by Samuel Roth, publisher of an American magazine. If the facts are as stated, a very interesting question arises. "Ulysses" cannot be circulated in the United States mails and hence cannot be copyrighted here. It is, however, only one of the books of an author of great and justified reputation who apparently finds himself in somewhat the position of Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott at the time when, thanks to the absence of a copyright law, their works were freely pirated on this side of the Atlantic. The attitude of the best publishers in America through that unfortunate period was that while it was strictly legal to print the work of foreign authors without authorization and without payment, the practice was not in accord with the best ethics of the publishing profession. Indeed the best American publishers printed foreign works only with permission and with a recompense to the author; and it was through the efforts of publishers and editors as well as disinterested men of letters that the present copyright law was finally passed. It is clear that Mr. Roth is legally entitled to publish such a work as "Ulysses" without the permission of the author, without recompense, and with, if he desires, changes in the text. But without reference to the question as to the desirability of publishing "Ulysses" in any broadcasted form, it is clear that Mr. Roth's action does not follow the best precedent of the editorial profession in the United States. He cannot, we suppose, be attacked on legal grounds but, as *The Manchester Guardian* has already said, may be subject to moral reprobation.



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The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

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FROM GIOTTO TO JOHN. By *Newton Wethered.* Doran.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ART. By *André Blum* and *R. R. Tatlock.* Scribners. $7.50 net.

Belles Lettres

PROSE PREFERENCES. Selected and edited by *Sidney Cox* and *Edmund Freeman.* Harpers. $2.50.

THE FOURTH IN THE FURNACE. By *Stephen B. Stanton.* Minton, Balch. $1.75.

WINTERWISE. By *Zephine Humphrey.* Dutton. $2.50.

AXIOPHILUS. By *Eva Turner Clark.* Knickerbocker Press.

THE LATER REALISM. By *Walter L. Myers.* University of Chicago Press. $2.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF VIRGIL'S ART. By *Henry W. Prescott.* University of Chicago Press. $4.

THE LATIN QUARTER. By *Jean Emile-Bayard.* Brentanos. $4.50.

POE'S BROTHER. By *Hervey Allen* and *Thomas Ollive Mabbott.* Doran.

ROMANTIC PROSE OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by *Carl H. Grabo.* Scribners. $1.

BOOKS IN BOTTLES. By *W. G. Clifford.* Dial. $2.50.

Biography

AS IT WAS. By *H. T.* Harpers.

MEMORIES AND OPINIONS. By *William Barry.*

TWO AMERICAN PIONEERS. By *Mary Alice Wyman.* Columbia University Press. $3.

A REPORTER FOR LINCOLN. By *Ida M. Tarbell.* Macmillan. $1.60.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By *Michael Sadleir.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES. By *William Butler Yeats.* Macmillan. $3.50.

BYZANTINE PORTRAITS. By *Charles Diehl.* Knopf. $5 net.

FREDERIC HARRISON. By *Austin Harrison.* Putnam.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A NEWSPAPER MAN. By *C. J. Stackpole.* Lippincott. $5.

Business

FORECASTING BUSINESS CONDITIONS. By *Charles O. Hardy* and *Garfield V. Cox.* Macmillan.

THE IDEALS AND FOLLIES OF BUSINESS. By *William Feather.*

Drama

WAT TYLER. By *Halcott Glover.* Viking. $2.

BROADWAY. By *Philip Dunning* and *George Abbott.* Doran. $2 net.

DAISY MAYME. By *George Kelly.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

THIS WOMAN BUSINESS. By *Benn W. Levy.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

DOSTOEVSKY'S "THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOFF." Dramatized by *Jacques Copeau* and *Jean Croué.* Doubleday, Page.

THE SILVER CORD. By *Sidney Howard.* Scribners. $1.

THE BRIDE OF BAGDAD. By *Andreas Bard.* Burlington, Ia.: Literary Board.

DISCORDANT ENCOUNTERS. By *Edmund Wilson.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

Economics

PRINCIPLES OF LABOR LEGISLATION. By *John R. Commons* and *John B. Andrews.* Harpers. $3.

Education

OUR ENVIRONMENT. By *George C. Wood* and *Harry A. Carpenter.* Allyn & Bacon.

HISTOIRE DE FRANCE. By *A. Malet.* Paris: Hachette (Doubleday, Page).

FIRST LATIN. By *Victor E. François.* Allyn & Bacon. $1.40.

BUSINESS LAW. By *Samuel P. Weaver.* Allyn & Bacon. $1.40.

PROCRUSTES—OR THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION. By *M. Alderton Pink.* Dutton. $1.

OUR ENGLISH. By *Joseph Villiers Denney, Eleanor L. Skinner,* and *Ada M. Skinner.* Scribners. Seventh Year. $1. Eighth Year. $1.12.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY GRADES. By *Eleanor Troxell.* Scribners. $1.25.

GOOD READING. By *John M. Manly, Edith Rickert,* and *Nina Leubrie.* Scribners. 88 cents.

IMAGINATIVE WRITING. By *Adele Bildersee.* Heath. $1.96.

THE TALES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Selected by *John Brooks Moore.* Heath. $1.24.

CENTURY READINGS IN THE ENGLISH ESSAY. Edited by *Louis Wann.* Century. $3.50.

ZADIG ON LA DESTINEE. By *Voltaire.* Edited by H. W. Preston. Oxford. 70 cents.

ENGLISH REVIEW EXERCISES. By *Marion Ryan.* Crofts. $1.

SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. By *Charles Ramsdell Lingley.* Century. $3.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LYCEUMS, CHAUTAUQUAS. By *John S. Noffsinger.* Macmillan. $1.50.

THE UNIVERSITY AFIELD. By *Alfred L. Hall-Quest.* Macmillan. $3.

THE VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE OF COLLEGE STUDENTS. By *Lewis Adams Maverick.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

Fiction

THE FOURTEEN THUMBS OF ST. PETER. By JOICE M. NANKIVELL. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

This is an engagingly light study of a serious and tragic situations. Because of its unpretentiousness and sincerity, however, it succeeds where more partisan accounts have failed in giving a convincing picture of Moscow in the autumn and winter of 1923-24. The story is told by an English girl who visits the city at a time when attacks upon the Orthodox Church are at their height. An Atheist Mission has even collected relics from churches all over Russia in an effort to give the people visible proof of the deception practised by their priests. The story has to do with the fourteen thumbs of St. Peter gathered for this purpose and with the efforts made to prevent their exhibition.

The narrator is housed at one of the foreign relief missions suspected by the Communists of secretly furthering religious propaganda, and her experience at the hands of government agents, her observations of the many different kinds of life she sees about her, as well as her sly portraits of the missionaries and other foreigners in the city all supply the touch of "human interest" that weightier and more authoritative reports so consistently lack. The author sees in Russia "misery and dirt but also flashes of something beautiful . . . the fragments of a vision that has crystallized and then been smashed to atoms." Her main concern, however, is with externals—some of them, like the accounts of Lenin's funeral and the preaching of the Patriarch, of considerable interest. And her scattered and colorful impressions have been superimposed upon an entertaining, if none too skilfully manipulated, series of plots and counterplots.

THE STRONGER GOD. By ERIC WARING. Brentano's. 1927. $2.

Mr. Waring wishes us to believe that a young woman once took her brother's place in an Austrian military school and later, without revealing her sex, came to be one of the most brilliant officers in the army. We are then asked to contemplate the emergence of the stronger god—the instinct to be a woman and to possess a husband and a fireside. Truly the narrative is too much of a strain upon our imagination, for throughout we rebel against its patent absurdity. And we are sorry to be constantly aware of the impossibility of the situation, because Mr. Waring writes with considerable competence. His novel is usually briskly adventurous, and often agreeable in its military atmosphere. If a reader can forgive and forget Mr. Waring's fundamental error of judgment, he will find "The Stronger God" satisfactory as second-class romance.

SYLVIA OF THE MINUTE. By HELEN R. MARTIN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

Again setting a major part of her narrative among the Pennsylvania-Dutch peasant class, Mrs. Martin gives us a novel that is not quite good enough to be taken seriously. And yet if, as seems probable, "Sylvia of the Minute" was written for Pullman or steamer-chair literature, it must be counted a successful performance. The casual reader will enjoy the pleasantly romantic story of Lady Sylvia St. Croix (alias Meely Schwenckton) and the two brothers who pursue her; one of these young men has the familiar heart of gold, and the other is the villain of all the sentimental conventions. The only unusual element in the situation is the girl's rather irritating habit of pretending that she is someone else. If read rapidly at one sitting, however, the book will be painless, even though it is always a little confused and incredible. Mrs. Martin's easy familiarity with the habits of the Schwenctons and the Zooks and the Baumgartners gives "Sylvia of the Minute" its individuality; beyond that dash of local color the novel deals only with the trusted commonplaces of fiction.

STRIKE. By WILL W. WHALEN. Dorrance. 1927. $2.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Irish-American working folk, this novel soon comes to grief in a chaos of maudlin sentimentality, lurid over-writing, puerile melodrama, and other crass infelicities. The heroine is Babbie Mulholland, a too high-spirited and impulsive lass, who rashly elopes with a brutalized sot, and, after suffering his ill-treatment for several months, is mercifully left a widow. Returning contritely to the village, she is again wooed by a miner swain, the affianced of her elder sister, and by a city chap, a reporter bent on writing up news of the local coal strike. Babbie bears just punishment bravely for her sins of selfishness, is nearly killed in rescuing her father from the scabs, for which she is acclaimed a saint, and finally is betrothed to the honest lad whom she truly loves. The book is pretty bad, but one leaves it with the conclusion that the author is capable of doing far better.

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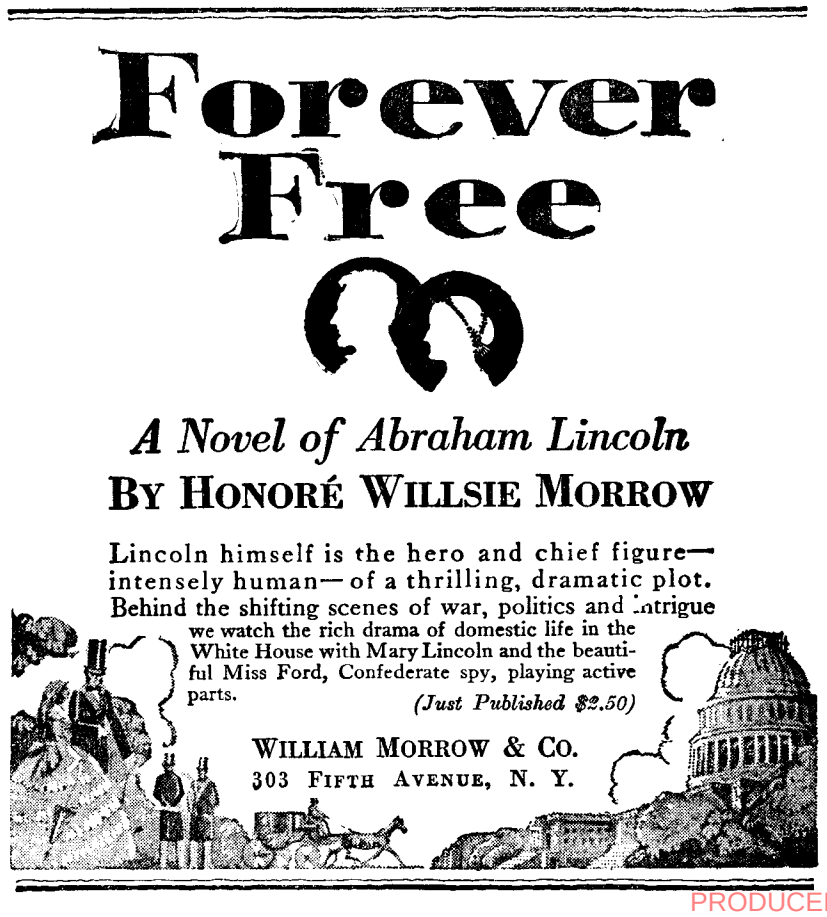
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SWEETWATER RANGE. By WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

Poker play, at which he always lost, perpetual "wise-cracking," a too casual supervision of his considerable ranching interests, frequently threatened to bring disaster upon the genial Bill. A wily old banker has been angling craftily to buy Bill's land and stock for a song, in which the unsuspecting Bill materially aids him by springing one of his ill-advised jokes upon an army paymaster with consequences that compel Bill's flight as a temporary fugitive from the law. Tom Ward, the father of Bill's girl, shares his endeavors to escape the pursuing authorities. After being captured and jailed, the pair stand trial, but make their getaway in time for Bill to thwart the plans of his enemies. The tale is well told, lively, picturesque, its chief fault seeming to be an endless garrulity on the part of every character.

A WOMAN IN EXILE. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. Stokes. 1927 $2.

We rightly expect better work than "A Woman in Exile" from Mr. Vachell, if for no other reason than that he has already written some thirty novels. Such extended practice should have given him facility in the portrayal of character and the development of plot. But we are disappointed; we find no more skill, no more effectiveness, than in the more amateurish of first novels. Certainly it is sad to find at the end of twenty-five years' effort so little mastery, even in the mere tricks of the trade.

Mr. Vachell's latest effort is a novel with a "message" and a "purpose." It deals with the difficulties arising from the marriage of a gentle Englishwoman to a California booster. Both are slightly unhappy and a little resentful before the narrative has gone very far. Mr. Vachell tries to tell us who is at fault, and we listen to him respectfully until it finally occurs to us that the answer does not matter. Thereupon we lose interest. As a matter of record, it should be stated that "A Woman in Exile" is dull, badly written in a variety of ways, and of no importance to the reading public.

ODALISQUE. By L. M. HUSSEY. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Two-thirds of "Odalisque" deals with the emergence of a young Venezuelan girl from the influence of her father and from that of the convent where, until her middle teens, she had been educated. So far the novel is a fairly successful study of adolescence. But the last third turns feebly melodramatic. The characters jump back and forth between New York and Caracas, and our quietly psychological narrative becomes the scenario for a moving picture. Mr. Hussey may say that his heroine's downward career logically demanded a touch of boisterousness toward its close. Perhaps it did; but certainly that boisterousness as it now stands in the plot is inexpert and unconvincing. Probably the fact that the author has written many short stories and that this is his first novel explains the unfortunate manipulation of character and incident. And yet there is perceptible merit in "Odalisque." Panchita, the girl, is well suggested during her earlier years, and the social life of the South American city comes to us with a faintly exotic quality that is inevitably pleasant. Two good points, however, do not make a good novel.

THE REBEL BIRD. By DIANA PATRICK. Dutton. 1926. $2.

The characterization of two women, that of Hermione, the mother, and of Rosamund, the daughter, seems to us the brightest feature of Miss Patrick's new novel. Its setting is a Yorkshire mill town, where "Ferny" Glen, Hermione's husband, is one of the local captains of industry. When the story proper opens, the couple have been married thirteen years and, being temperamental opposites, not too happily. Rosamund, their only child is ten, the one factor that, through their common love for her, withholds her parents from openly parting. The War comes, and brings an immense prosperity to Ferny's cloth-mills. In the year following peace, Rosamund, now nineteen, falls in love, her suitor, a man of ancient, impoverished family and infirm moral character, being the source of the final crisis in her parents' life which separates them irrevocably and forever. We like this story, and though at times it betrays symptoms of unrestrained coddling, we should place it among the very best of the author's half dozen novels we have read.

THE MARQUIS DE BOLIBAR. By *Leo Perutz*. Viking. $2.

THE MURDERS IN LOVER'S LANE. By *James G. Dunton*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE DARK GENTLEMAN. By *G. B. Stern*. Knopf.

HARANGUE. By *Garret Garrett*. Dutton. $2.

MYSTERY DE LUXE. By *Rufus King*. Doran. $2 net.

THE KINK. By *Lynn Brock*. Harpers. $2.

MIDSUMMER MUSIC. By *Stephen Graham*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE CROSS. By *Sigrid Undset*. Knopf. $3 net.

LATTERDAY SYMPHONY. By *Romer Wilson*. Knopf.

ONE CRYSTAL AND A MOTHER. By *Ellen Du Pois Taylor*. Harpers. $2.

CORSICAN JUSTICE. By *J. G. Sarasin*. Doran. $2 net.

CLAD IN PURPLE MIST. By *Catherine Dodd*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE VOICE OF DASHIN. By *"Ganpat."* Doran. $2 net.

THE AFFAIR IN DUPLEX 9B. By *William Johnston*. Doran. $2 net.

THE MAD LOVER. By *Richard Connell*. Minton, Balch.

THE MARRIAGE BED. By *Ernest Pascal*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE GHOST BOOK. By *Cynthia Asquith*. Scribners. $2.

THE BABY GRAND. By *Stacy Aumonier*. Holt. $2.

THE WRECK OF THE "REDWING." By *Beatrice Grimshaw*. Holt. $2.

UNRESTING YEAR. By *Alice Massie*. Holt. $2.

THE FROZEN FRONTIER. By *Walter W. Liggett*. Macaulay. $2 net.

FRUIT OF EDEN. By *Louise Gerard*. Macaulay. $2 net.

FOREVER FREE. By *Honoré Willsie Morrow*. Morrow. $2.50 net.

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1926. Putnam.

THE HOUSE OF SECRETS. By *Sydney Horler*. Doran. $2 net.

THE SILVER CORD. By *George Agnew Chamberlain*. Putnam.

MESSAGES FROM SIDNEY CARTON. By *Thomas H. Franklin*. Hitchcock.

HER PIRATE PARTNER. By *Berta Ruck*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

STORIES FAR AND NEAR. By *William J. Locke*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE LINGERING FAUN. By *Mabel Wood Martin*. Stokes. $2.

ZERO. By *Collinson Owen*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

SHORT GRASS. By *George W. Ogden*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

IDLE ISLAND. By *Ethel Hueston*. *Bobbs-Merrill*. $2.

THE AMAZING CHANCE. By *Patricia Wentworth*. Lippincott. $2.

PA. By *Margaret Ashmun*. Macmillan. $2.

THE BAND PLAYS DIXIE. By *Morris Markey*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

History

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By *John H. Latané*. Doubleday, Page. $4.

EUROPE SINCE 1870. By *E. R. Turner*. Doubleday, Page. $3.50.

READINGS IN RECENT AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. Edited by *Allen Johnson* and *William A. Robinson*. Scribners. $4.

AMERICAN ORATIONS. Edited by *Alexander Johnston* and *James Albert Woodburn*. Vol. I. Fifth Edition. Putnam.

THE NETHERLANDS DISPLAY'D. By *Marjorie Bowen*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE PRAIRIE AND THE MAKING OF MIDDLE AMERICA. By *Dorothy Anne Dondore*. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $4.50.

Miscellaneous

PLANNING YOUR PARTY. By *Emily Rose Burt*. Harpers. $2.

THE UNDEFEATED. By *Gerald W. Johnson*. Minton, Balch. $1.50.

A PRIMER OF BOOK COLLECTING. By *John T. Winterich*. Greenberg. $2.

BOOK OF LITTLE HOUSES. Edited by *Lucy Embury Hubbell*. Doubleday, Page. $3.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS. By *Bertram S. Puckle*. Stokes.

SEX AND THE LOVE-LIFE. By *William J. Fielding*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER. Chicago: Atwood & Knight.

THE CULTIVATION OF SHRUBS. By *Katharine M. P. Cloud*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE JUDGES AND THE JUDGED. By *Charles Kingston*. Dodd, Mead. $4.

THE FLOWER GARDEN DAY BY DAY. By Mrs. *Francis King*. Stokes. $1.50.

MY DOG SIMBA. By *Cherry Kearton*. Dodd, Mead. $1.

THE CURIOUS LORE OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES THRU THE AGES. By *Charles H. La Wall*. Lippincott. $5.

THE SPANISH HOUSE FOR AMERICA. By *Rexford Newcomb*. Lippincott. $3.50.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN. By *O. Latham*. Southern Woman's Educational Alliance.

Loeb Classics

ARISTOTLE'S ART OF RHETORIC. Translated by *J. H. Freese*. Putnams. $2.50.

ARISTOTLE'S THE NICOMACHEAN ETHICS. Translated by *H. Rackham*. Putnams. $2.50.

HORACE'S SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ARS POETICA. Translated by *H. R. Fairclough*. Putnams. $2.50.

PLATO'S LAWS. Translated by *R. G. Bury*. Vol. II. Putnams. $2.50.

LIVY. Vol. IV. Translated by *B. O. Foster*. Putnams. $2.50.

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ST. BASIL'S LETTERS. Translated by *Roy J. Deferrari*. Putnams. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 634*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

VARIETY. By *Paul Valery.* (Harcourt, Brace).

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN. By *Emil Ludwig.* (Putnam).

BLACK APRIL. By *Julia Peterkin.* (Bobbs-Merrill.)

M. S. C. T., Nanking, China, asks for books with stories of Greek gods told in the same delightful way in which Padraic Colum treats heroes in "The Children's Homer." These children are eight and six; they are not much moved by Kingsley's "Heroes" or "Tanglewood Tales," but love Colum.

THERE is a collection of tales re-told from Pindar by Winifred Hutchinson, "The Golden Porch" (Longmans), gladly read and re-read by children of almost any age, to which little children listen gladly when it is read aloud; this and a companion volume, "Orpheus With His Lute" (Longmans), was re-issued with drawings by Dugald Walker. Colum has another volume, "The Golden Fleece" (Macmillan), that these children will like as well as his "Wanderings of Ulysses," and for quite young readers there is R. E. Francillon's "Gods and Heroes" (Ginn), while for older children Elsie Buckley's "Children of the Dawn" (Stokes) is popular. For reference there is "The Golden Age of Myth and Legend," Bulfinch's grand standby (Stokes), which could be on hand—or it might be Gayley's "Classic Myths" for general use in the school-age. This reply will interest also *W. H., Canton, Ohio.*

It gives this department one of those thrills that keep it from losing the first fine careless rapture of this job, to be asked to send the names of these books to an address from which they will be forwarded to the inquirers if, as now looks probable, they will be refugees by that time. Oh well, this department is getting used to thrills; it has just been asked to provide a reading-list of American fiction for the Queen of the Druses. Come now, this calls for expert advice from readers. What novels, in the opinion of upholders of this column, would give a fair idea of American life and ideals *at the present day* to a lady in Asia Minor, busied with cares of state but keeping a loving and believing eye upon this country. From the account I should say we were to her a country like that of the blessed Ethiopians. A responsibility attaches to the making of such a list. In Gorky's "Night Refuge" one may learn what happened to a man who had cherished all his hard life the idea of a "land of the righteous" until a cartographer who came to his village could not point it out upon his maps. . . . If one could but be sure that the Queen of the Druses would never cross the ocean. . . .

Well, if I send her "Elmer Gantry," she never will.

M. A. L. L., Boston, Mass., asks if it is a custom in New York for children to gather every Christmas morning in Trinity Churchyard to listen to the reading of "The Night Before Christmas" and sing hymns.

IN the fourth chapter of Annie Carroll Moore's "Nicholas" (Putnam), which provides a child, under the guide of the travels of a Dutch doll around this city, with a guide to the town and through the Children's Room of its most famous library, there is an account of the beautiful Christmas Eve service for children at Trinity Church, in which with carols and candles the procession visits the *crêche.* In a later chapter it explains the connection of Clement Moore with this part of town: this seems to be the book needed by this inquirer.

THE stenographer who married the boss has been found. "The Dear Pretender," by Alice Colver (Penn), remembered by *M. Q., Washington, D. C.,* is evidently the lady the German publisher faintly recalled. *M. Q.,* remembers also Frank Stockton's "The House of Martha," in which a man hires an amanuensis just to be able to tell her about his trip to Europe, to which his unfeeling friends refuse to listen. Naturally, he marries her. *M. Q.,* thinks that one of the ladies in "Revelry" is a stenographer who marries an office head; "but she may be only a clerical worker, a very different matter here." I cannot say: I never read very far in "Revelry." Two plays have been presented; "Two Girls Wanted," one of the just plays now keeping the lava from descending upon Broadway; this is offered by *M. P. H., New York,* and by a correspondent in Caldwell, N. J. The other is "Help Wanted," suggested by *H. M., Johnson City, Tennessee,* as one that had a long run in New York about ten years ago, in which the girl, after resisting the advances of her employer, married his son. "A thriller for popular reading," says *H. M.* to the German publisher, "and in some of the scenes unusually well done."

The "light and pleasants" must come back again: *C. P. C., New York,* says "Loyal as I am to you, and grateful as I am for many favors, all is over between us if you don't put on your list for Massachusetts the most amusing tale I ever read, 'Rollo on the Atlantic'." *H. S., Boston,* (saying "You were right about 'Jonah—there was a book!'") recommends as his "best chucklers" Ben Travers's "Cuckoo in the Nest" and "Mischief," and says a good word for Wodehouse (everyone does in this inquiry).

M. D., Northampton, Mass., speaks up for George Birmingham and "Elizabeth" (both favorites in this race) with special emphasis on "Spanish Gold" and "The Benefactress." The Bobbs-Merrill Company tell me that next month they will bring out a novel that will go to the head of this list, "Love Lies Dreaming," by C. E. Forester; from the sample enclosed I don't wonder they like it. As Locke, Birmingham, and Susan Ertz have figured on so many lists, it should be added that there is a new book from each of these: "Stories Near and Far" (Dodd), includes Locke's "The Golden Journey" which makes the book worth owning, the other tales being the run of the mill; Birmingham's new "Smuggler's Cave" (Bobbs), is funnier than anything from him for a good while; but then how could a story about a pageant be any thing but funny? As for Miss Ertz, her stories in "The Wind of Complication" (Appleton) qualify for a high place in this collection.

WE aim to please, in this department; sometimes we are able to please without even aiming. The following list of books about the Navy is much better than the one we compiled with care for *C. W.* not long ago, and it just came rolling in of itself, impelled by the United States Naval Academy in the person of Louis H. Bolander, assistant librarian.

We note with real pleasure the interest that *C. W.* has in the literature of our Navy. We liked your reply to him, but we would like to add a few titles to your list as these titles have interested us greatly.

First, we hardly think that any one's knowledge of our beloved Academy could be complete without reading Park Benjamin's History of the United States Naval Academy (1900), though it is a little old. Then we would like to suggest F. M. Bennett's "Steam Navy of the United States"; J. D. Long's "New American Navy"; and Yates Stirling's "Fundamentals of Naval Service" as fairly good general histories; oh, yes, I should add R. W. Neeser's "Our Many Sided Navy." And for the activities of the Navy in the World War we have J. B. McMaster's "United States in the World War;" Ralph D. Paine's "Fighting Fleets;" and Admiral William Snowden Sims's "Victory at Sea."

Commander Fitzhugh Green (U. S. N.) has written some fine tales of life in the modern Navy and of life at the Naval Academy. The titles speak for themselves: "Fought for Annapolis;" "Hold 'Em, Navy;" "Midshipmen All;" "Uncle Sam's Sailors;" and "Won for the Fleet;" as well as a stirring biography, "Peary, the Man Who Refused to Fail;" and a good general history of the Navy, "Our Naval Heritage."

I don't think that any such list would be complete without adding Rear Admiral Alfred T. Mahan's autobiography, "From Sail to Steam." I don't know of any book that gives one a more intimate picture of the spirit and the traditions of the Navy. But, of course, it is a picture of life in the Navy during the Civil War and the two decades following.

For the youngster contemplating a course at the Academy we would suggest E. L. Beach's "An Annapolis Plebe;" "An Annapolis Youngster;" "An Annapolis Second Classman;" and "An Annapolis First Classman." Also Yates Stirling's "A Midshipman Afloat;" "A Midshipman in the Philippines;" "A Midshipman in China;" "A Midshipman in Japan;" and "A Midshipman in the South Seas."

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Points of View

The Consumer Speaks

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am a country storekeeper—surely there can be few more prosaic occupations; but, by way of solacing a blighted yearning for the literary life, I read books, selecting them partly upon the basis of personal liking, partly upon the verdict of book reviewers and literary critics, men whose judgments I have been taught to revere. It is because these men seem to be failing me that I lift my feeble voice in protest.

I had been taught to believe, I would like still to believe, that there are in literature such things as accepted standards. That there are such in other fields I am sure. Ours is a dairy region and we have cattle buyers who from a herd of sixty "head" just purchased and each already perfectly individualized, will instantly select the best ten and rarely go wrong. What may be their bases of judgment I do not know, but they have them, and it has seemed to me that men who spend their lives among books instead of cows ought to have analogous data for picking good ones. The infant mortality of books is, to be sure, something appalling but the lives of some books are longer than that of any cow and one would suppose that, at least among these survivors there would be general agreement, that the writers about writers would be able to tell us with authority whether these long republished books really are good and if so why. Instead of which we find today at least one prominent critic conscientiously assailing every "established" reputation, until one trembles for the fate of the world's best literature.

There remain of course the professors, official defenders of the classics, but if the bewildered ultimate consumer turns to them it is to find them beset by critical shock troops led on by the valiant Mr. Mencken who confidently assure us that even to be a professor is shamefully to proclaim one's self a bigoted intellectual moron.

The critic, it may not be irreverent to suppose, is tempted in all points like as we are. The sin which doth so easily beset us may for him take the form of a desire to boost a friend, or swat an enemy, or stir up the animals, or win the applause which even critics may not always scorn but I do not presume—What country storekeeper would dare presume?—to question critical motives. I am only amazed to find certain critics boasting of their prejudices, which to one thirsting for impartiality sounds sadly reminiscent of a Pauline description of those whose glory is in their shame.

How far prejudice may mislead even an eminent critic one illustration may serve to show. He is a man whom I greatly admire but clearly he is prejudiced against the Puritans, who today seem to be even more hated and persecuted than in a time when there were Puritans to hate and persecute. "The witch-burners of Salem" he calls them, which is strictly accurate as showing his attitude toward the Puritans but otherwise quite inaccurate, since, though the Salem witches were treated rough enough in all conscience, all the authorities seem to agree that not one of them ever was *burned*. His hatred of Puritans leads him quite naturally to hate Mr. John Milton, (an editor chuckles over "the gusto with which he belays the foremost English Puritan poet") and, less naturally, to hate his poetry, which he declares is not true poetry at all, and he proves it by asking how much of Milton's verse survives in the mind of the average man. Then he names as true poets, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney. And I, the average man, hearing my number, answer to roll call and find I can quote fifty lines of Milton; of Shakespeare more of course—Shakespeare is always a safe bet; but when it comes to Spenser, all I could recall about him, before I looked him up in the Dictionary of Quotations, was that he wrote "The Faerie Queene" and held some sort of Elizabethan office in Ireland. In the Dictionary of Quotations I find that he said three things we all know, "Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere Be bold;" "Roses red and violets blew"—that's the way he spells it; and "A bold bad man." As to Sidney, there is the story of the dying soldier and the drink of water—everyone knows that and it is well worth remembering. But Sidney's poetry—what average man knows a line of it?

As to what this critic, or any critic, may do to Milton or the other Puritans I care little. I am most certainly not rushing to their defence. What does distress me however is the disposition of this critic and others to make their calling so pugnacious, so vindictively controversial. One sometimes finds himself fearing that the whole field of criticism may become a sort of literary Donnibrook Fair. Not of course that trenchant honesty should be barred. When, for instance, I read in a recent review that "Le Beau Sabreur" had no more to do with literature than a spirited newspaper account of a dog fight has to do with "Paradise Regained," I forthwith ordered a copy—not for my own reading but for that of a friend who enjoys books of that kind.

One of the greatest of English critics made himself famous by his advocacy of sweetness and light. The modern critic seems to deal more largely in ginger and heat. For his subjects he must have gibbets or halos. But at least one ultimate consumer wishes neither—in gross lots. Rather does he seek a criticism tolerant, judicial, impartial, which will keep on trying—however difficult the task—to see life steadily and see it whole; a criticism which will show us the good in poor books and (but not triumphantly or gleefully) the limitations of good ones; a criticism which, if it cannot find sermons in stones can at least find some good (I am willing to forego the sermons) in everything, at least in every period, in periods as diverse as for instance the jazz age, and the age of innocence and the age of the apostles.

FREDERICK HALL

Dundee, Ill.

The Use of the Comma

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I was much amused to note that on the jacket of Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage appears the slogan: "The easiest, cleverest and safest manual of correctness in speech and writing." without a comma before 'and.' Yet on page 24 the author explains clearly that in such cases it should be used.

I have often wondered why so many publishers are sloppy in this point. Every book on punctuation that I have examined says that in a series of three or more the comma should be used before 'and,' if, of course, the 'and' is omitted between any of the elements thereof. Longmans, Green, & Co. formerly used the comma, but no longer do. Little, Brown, & Co. now use it on title-pages, but not on bill-heads. Harcourt, Brace, & Co. do not use it at all, nor do Dodd, Mead, & Co.

Is there any excuse?

Faithfully yours,
W. H. ALLEN.

British usage, in general prefers to omit the comma; American usage to employ it. Rhetorically, the use of the comma seems preferable, but there is good authority for both customs.—THE EDITOR.

A Complaint

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your Points of View department recently printed a letter from France in which the writer protested—in sum—that he did not like your reviews. There is acrimony in the very air of France, these days; it is difficult for anyone there to like anything. But that letter encourages me to express my own complaint against *The Saturday Review*—as no doubt it has encouraged many others, for it was his delightful way of doing it that justified Clarence Day in telling us how this is a Simian World; even children know that "monkey see, monkey do."

I should not have called this a complaint, it is more wistful than that. For this is not France, but Albania, and here we do not protest nor complain, knowing that all things are one in eternity and that now is eternity. *The Saturday Review* is a joy; I only wish there were more of it. And so I ask you, Why is so much space, that might be more *Saturday Review*, given to the New Books?

Are there readers who are interested in its lists of book-births? But, don't they read advertisements, or can't they have publishers' catalogues? Does it please the publishers? Why, and how, for goodness' sake? Are there any writers improved or gratified to find their books given two paragraphs there? That surely can not be. Indeed, if any of my books appear in that shambles I shall smile and smile, but I shall never feel the same toward you again. Ignore my books, I beg you, or review them, but please, don't condemn them to the New Books and murder them with all-too-kindly contempt. Even bad books, even very bad books, have a right to undisturbed existence in their own world; they are somebody's darlings. Why this gratuitous cruelty to them?

Nearly two pages, every week, you give to this department, and I don't know why. It seems to me to be, at best, raw material. Couldn't we have, instead, another article, another review? Couldn't we have, perhaps, a general survey of the month's literary commercial scene, a landscape instead of a mass of detail? I would read with profit and enjoyment that seventeen fledgings are chirping beneath Gene Stratton Porter's mantle, that the Nick Carter brood is hatching in unprecedented percentage, that the perennial Pollyanna isn't blooming so well this season—something like that, with footnote basic data, would have its value to me.

Of course, the New Books as it is must have its value to someone, somewhere. No doubt it is only that I can not see it.

ROSE WILDER LANE

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 632*)

Science

STORIES IN STONE. By WILLIS T. LEE. D. Van Nostrand. 1926. $3.

The "Stories in Stone" are true sermons on the creation and evolution of the earth told by one who as geologist of the United States Geological Survey knew intimately and described vividly the grandeur of our great National Parks. The author died while the book was in the press but he has left an enthusiastic record of sights seen and discoveries made. He was the first government scientist to use the airplane in making a geological investigation.

The fascinating story is told not with erudite references to the detailed phenomena which a specialist alone might appreciate, but is told rather by simple word and by photographs of our well known natural wonders. The section headings are alone sufficient to draw the reader on. "How the Grand Canyon Was Made," "The Painted Desert," "Dinosaur Jewelry." As important as the actual descriptive matter, which is authentically written and pleasingly, are the introductory chapters which tell that "pure science is better than pure nonsense" and show the great and immediate practical value of geology. For instance, the Pecos River Dam in New Mexico had its reservoir on beds of gypsum which are "about as suitable for storing water as a cup made of sugar would be for serving tea." Lack of geological knowledge caused the failure of this engineering project as it did of others too carelessly planned geologically. The main body of the book illustrates the history of the earth and the succession of geological eras by regions and landmarks in the United States. Two concluding chapters—too brief, the reviewer feels—are devoted to "How Was the Earth Made?" and "Facts, Fancies, and Nebulous Thoughts," the latter of which is a historical résumé of geological theory from ancient Greek speculation to modern times. The book is far more readable and accurate than the "Histories" which are the fad of the moment, and contains more meat than is indicated by its size and price.

Travel

FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN. By *Isabel Anderson*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
ADVENTURING. By *Adam Breede*. Hitchcock. $3.
SEEING THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS. By *William Lee Calnon*. Hitchcock. $3.
CAMPING IN THE SAHARA. By *E. M. Hull*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.
SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, 1927. South American Publications (H. W. Wilson).
TRAVEL IN EUROPE MADE EASY. By *Georgia Grant Chester*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
BIBLE LANDS TODAY. By *William T. Ellis*. Appleton. $3.
A YEAR AMONGST THE PERSIANS. By *Edward Granville Browne*. Macmillan.
ANCIENT CITIES AND MODERN TRIBES. By *Thomas Gann*. Scribners. $5.
A WAYFARER IN SPAIN. By *Alice M. S. Newbegin*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
A WAYFARER IN SWEDEN. By *Frederic Whyte*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
THE VALLEY OF ARNO. By *Edward Hutton*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
THE QUEST FOR WINTER SUNSHINE. By *E. Phillips Oppenheim*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE WHITALL SALE

THE library of Major W. Van R. Whitall, of Pelham, N. Y., sold at the American Art Galleries, February 14, 15, and 16, composed largely of modern first editions, brought the surprising total of $120,834. The more the 1,508 items are studied, the more extraordinary the prices realized at this sale appear.

The star lot proved to be the first edition of Shelley's "Adonais," in the original blue wrappers, uncut, printed in Pisa, with the types of Didot, in 1821, with the presentation inscription: "T: Jeffn. Hogg from the Author," which brought $8,400. The inscription was not in the handwriting of the author, but of Thomas Jefferson Hogg who was expelled from Oxford with Shelley on his confessing joint authorship to "The Necessity of Atheism." This fine uncut copy is the same size as the one in the Ashley library, measuring 10¼ by 7¾ inches. The poet spoke of the Pisa edition as "beautifully printed, and what is of more consequence, correctly." The poem was not printed separately until 1829. Mr. Whitall realized a handsome profit on this item as it cost him only $2,500.

Other interesting lots and the prices realized were the following:

Blake (William). "The Book of Thel," 8 plates on 8 leaves, text printed in green and the illustrations delicately painted in watercolor by the author, 4to, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1789. Probably the second work issued by Blake with illuminated printing. A beautiful copy in a remarkable state of preservation. $5,000.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). "Sonnets," 12mo, stitched, uncut, in solander case made by Bradstreets, Reading, 1847. First edition privately printed. Afterwards published as "Sonnets from the Portuguese." $750.

Burton (Sir Richard F.). "The Kasidah," etc., 4to, original yellow wrappers, London, 1880. First edition privately printed. $350.

Browne (Sir Thomas). "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," etc., London, 1658, third edition; and "Religio Medici," n.p., n.d., two works in one volume, folio, old calf. A remarkable association item having been in the possession of Samuel T. Coleridge, Sara Fricker Coleridge, the Wordsworths, and Charles Lamb. $3,800.

Crane (Stephen). "The Black Riders," 16mo, original boards, uncut, Boston, 1895. First edition. $80.

De Quincey (Thomas). "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," 12mo, original boards, paper label, entirely uncut, London, 1822. First edition. $220.

Fitzgerald (Edward). "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," translated into English verse by Fitzgerald. Small 4to, original light brown wrappers, London, 1859. Fine copy of first edition. $3,200.

Gissing (George). "Workers in the Dawn," 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, London, 1880. First edition of the author's first book. $1,175.

Hardy (Thomas). "The Dynasts," 3 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1903-06-08. First editions. $2,200.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). "The Blithedale Romance," 12mo, original cloth, Boston, 1852. First edition. With the author's presentation inscription: "To Barry Cornwall (B. W. Proctor) with the author's best regards." $400.

Herbert (George). "The Temple," etc., 12mo, contemporary vellum, Cambridge, 1633. First edition. $2,200.

Housman (A. E.). "A Shropshire Lad," 16mo, original blue boards, vellum back, paper label, uncut, London, 1896. Fine copy of first edition. $320.

Hudson (W. H.). "The Purple Land that England Lost," 2 vols., 12mo, original blue figured cloth with decorative endpapers. London, 1885. Fine copy of first edition. $360.

Keats (John). "Endymion," 8vo, morocco, London, 1818. First issue of the first edition, accompanied with a portrait in oils by Richard Woodhouse and a series of letters by Amy Lowell. $1,950.

Keats. "Poems," 12mo, original boards, paper label, uncut, London, 1817. First edition. $3,300.

Keats. "Lamia," 12mo, original boards, paper label, entirely uncut, London, 1820. Fine copy of first edition. $1,550.

Kelmscott Press. "Works of Chaucer," folio, original boards, Hammersmith, 1896. The most important achievement of the Kelmscott Press. $975.

Lamb (Charles). "Elia," and "Last Essays of Elia," 2 vols., original boards, paper labels, uncut, London, 1823-33. First editions. $1,400.

Lamb. A. L. S. 1 p., 4to, Enfield, September 26, 1827. To Miss F. M. Kelly, the actress. $1,750.

Lowell (James Russell). "Class Poem," 8vo, original wrappers, Cambridge, 1838. First edition, privately printed, presentation copy from the author. $180.

Marryat (Captain). "Peter Simple," 3 vols., 12mo, cloth, London, 1837. First edition with colored plates. $130.

Masefield (John). "Salt Water Ballads," 12mo, buckram, London, 1902. First edition of the author's first book. $250.

Meredith (George). "Poems," 12mo, original cloth, uncut, London, 1851. Presentation copy from the author of the first edition of his first book. $325.

Moore (George). "Pagan Poems," 12mo, original cloth, London, 1881. First edition with the author's initials and inscription on recto and verso of the genuine title page. $775.

Riley (James Whitcomb). "The Old Swimmin'-hole," 12mo, original printed wrappers, Indianapolis, 1883. First edition of the author's first book. $130.

Robinson (Edwin Arlington). "The Torrent and the Night Before," 16mo, original wrappers, Gardiner, Maine, 1896. Presentation copy privately printed of the first edition of the author's first book. $325.

Rogers (Bruce-Typographer). Plato. "The Banquet," translated by Shelley, square 16mo, cloth, uncut, Chicago, 1895. Edition limited to 75 copies. $130.

Rogers—Typographer. Butler (Isabel—Translator). "The Song of Roland," folio, boards, Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1906. Inscribed copy of an edition limited to 200 copies, considered the most beautiful of the Riverside Press publications. $300.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). "St. Irvyne; or, the Rosicrucian," 12mo, original boards, uncut, London, 1811. First issue of the first edition. $1,300.

Shelley. "Laon and Cythna," 8vo, boards, entirely uncut, London, 1818. First edition. $1,375.

Shelley. "The Cenci," 8vo, boards, uncut, Italy: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, London, 1819. First edition. $2,500.

Shelley. "Prometheus Unbound," 8vo, original boards, paper label, entirely uncut, London, 1820. First edition. $1,700.

Shelley. "Epipsychidion," 8vo, stitched, as originally issued, London, 1821. One of the finest copies known of the first edition. $5,100.

Spenser (Edmund). "The Fairie Queene," 2 vols., small 4to, levant morocco by Bedford, London, 1590-96. First issues of the first edition. $3,400.

Thompson (Francis). "Songs Wing to Wing," etc., small 4to, original wrappers, London, 1895. Privately printed first issue of "Sister Songs." $725.

NOTE AND COMMENT

ONE hundred years ago February 23, or February 23, 1827, Sir Walter Scott arose at a dinner table in Edinburgh and for the first time admitted that he was the author of the Waverley novels. Fir thirteen years, or since the publication of "Waverley" in 1814, the secret had been kept.

The "Bibliography of American Newspapers" upon which Clarence S. Brigham, librarian of the American Antiquarian Society has been engaged for many years, is nearing completion. The first instalment was printed in the society's proceedings for October, 1913, and the final instalment will probably appear in the next number. The type from which the various instalments have been printed has been kept standing and will soon have a final revision preparatory to printing the completed work. This undertaking is one of great importance, the greatest to the society since its founder issued his "History of Printing."

"William Parks, Printer and Journalist of England and Colonial America," by Lawrence C. Wroth of the John Carter Brown Library of Providence, is the third of the publications of the William Parks Club. The book is a quarto of seventy pages, issued in an edition of 300 copies by the Appeals Press of Richmond, Va. In this volume Mr. Wroth has enlarged his sketch of William Parks which appeared in his great work, "History of Printing in Colonial Maryland, 1686-1776," and has prepared a list of the issues of Parks's several presses and a facsimile of the earliest Virginia imprint known to be in existence, "William Gooch's Charge to the Grand Jury, 1730" made from the only known copy in existence.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE understand that *Sinclair Lewis*, who arrived in England on February 9th, was to take a walking trip with his companion, the *Reverend Earl W. Blackman*, of Kansas City. Yes, quite so. Lewis made certain very close friends among the clergymen in the West, despite his frank intention to write his "Elmer Gantry." And, in regard to that book, Harcourt has been making stalwart efforts to keep its story from appearing in the press before the publication date, March tenth. One New York paper, however, recently violated this release date and published a complete synopsis of the novel on their front page; but the publishers were able to have the story pulled out of later editions. . . .

From the same firm (Harcourt) on March third came *Lloyd Morris's* book on Hawthorne, "The Rebellious Puritan." In it Mr. Morris has gathered together a complete collection of Hawthorne's love letters to Sophia. He also treats fully Hawthorne's life in England. . . .

We hear that the newest *Christopher Wren* novel is to be "Beau Ideale." "Beau Geste," "Beau Sabreur," "Beau Ideale,"—how many beaus has Percival to his string? . . .

We have just read the advance sheets of the American edition of *Maurice Baring's* "Daphne Adeane," which Harper's is bringing out. It is an interesting novel, but its ending should provoke discussion. From the point of view of one kind of person the heroine made the proper choice of fates. Others will not agree. Mr. Baring always writes with distinction, although his work as a novelist does not seem to us nearly so extraordinary as we had been led to suppose. . . .

Hermann Sudermann has completed his first novel since "The Song of Songs." It is called "The Mad Professor," and is on Boni and Liveright's spring list. It is an even longer novel than "The Song of Songs," and possibly it will be published in two volumes. . . .

Hendrik Van Loon is novelizing the life of Rembrandt. He is in Holland with his son Hansel, working on a first draft. He is also planning "The Story of Geography" and has completed illustrations for a new edition of "Tolerance," which will appear this coming fall. . . .

We have heard still another rumor that "Gustibus," the novel *Burton Rascoe* has been promising the world for years, may really appear this spring. A masked man darted into our office the other day, thrust a note into our hand, to that effect, and fled as swiftly away. Beyond the window we heard a thudding diminuendo of hoofbeats. So it may be true. . . .

Now it can be told that "*Searchlight*," who wrote all those "Time Exposures" in the *New Yorker*, is really *Waldo Frank*. . . .

L. R. Lilly of Los Angeles sends us a clipping from the February *Étude* in which the editors confess ignorance of the meaning of the following advertisement they have culled from "a musical, theatrical, vaudeville, circus, side-show, country fair, street show, medicine-show periodical of remarkable journalistic interest and enterprise." We wonder if any of our little readers can help them out. Here's the notice:

AT LIBERTY, TROMBONIST.—Hot and sweet. Plenty pep. Read and fake, can sing. Play in tune, gold outfit, tuxedo, double at drums, dirt and flash, hot sock cymbal. Ham lay off. Young and good looking. Some violin when needed, double stop and goofus.

A. P. Herbert's "She Shanties" has enlivened a recent lunch-hour for us. We found them highly amusing. The man has a distinctly Gilbertian vein. He is our favorite English humorous writer. . . .

We did go to "The King's Henchman." We went to the general rehearsal. Creeping into the dark pit of the opera house and sitting there among shadows was an experience we shall never forget, nor the dazzling spectacle, the superb orchestration, the intensely moving climactic act of the opera. . . .

This very evening, at 8:30 p. m., at the Mecca Temple, 133 West Fifty-fifth street, there will be a four-cornered debate on the vital issue of "Stage Censorship." Those arguing against it are *Robert Emmet Sherwood*, author and playwright of "The Road to Rome" and *William A. Brady*, the producer. Those contending for censorship will be *John S. Sumner*, and *Canon William S. Chase*. The chairmen of the evening will be *S. Jay Kaufman* and *Dr. William I. Sirovich*. . . .

On February 16th appeared the first number of a new *Literary Supplement* to the *Yale Daily News*. It will come out once a month and be distributed gratis to undergraduates who subscribe to the *Yale Daily News*. *Pomeroy Day* is the editor. On their front page appears a list of seven books chosen by a committee of undergraduates as offering a broad appeal to university men. "The Sun Also Rises," by *Ernest Hemingway* leads the list. The other books are *Maugham's* "The Casuarina Tree," *Elinor Wylie's* "The Orphan Angel," *Mencken's* "Prejudices (Fifth Series)", *Sumner* and *Keller's* "The Science of Society," *Erskine's* "Galahad," and *Anne Parrish's* "Tomorrow Morning." . . .

A comedy we most thoroughly enjoyed recently was *Tom Cushing's* "The Devil in the Cheese," staged by *Charles Hopkins*. A charmingly fantastic idea was amusingly carried out in it. The acting was extremely good and the play well-cast. *Fredric March* and *Linda Watkins* were highly satisfactory in the principal parts. *Dwight Frye*, particularly as the Dr. Pointell Jones inside Goldina's head, showed himself a genuine humorist. . . .

Earle F. Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club, has had reprinted with some sixty additions his compilation of a list of novels in which Characters are based on Real Persons, his "Romans à Clef." This list, originally printed in the *Branch Library Book News* of the New York Public Library, attracted so much attention that Mr. Walbridge undertook to double it in size. Also in the March *Theatre Arts Monthly* Mr. Walbridge presents a list of plays which occupies fifteen double column pages,—"Dramas à Clef." . . .

The publisher's note which Doran prefixes to "Revolt in the Desert" by *T. E. Lawrence* deals with the way that Lawrence met certain objections on the part of the publisher's proof-reader to the apparent inconsistencies he found in the text. Lawrence did not believe in "scientific systems" of transliteration for the world in general. Consequently he constantly spelled proper names in a variety of ways because "Arabic names won't go into English exactly." Therefore, when the proof-reader questioned: "The Bisaita is also spelt Biseita," Lawrence answered, merely, "Good." When the proof-reader remarked, "Jedha, the she camel, was Jedhah on Slip 40," Lawrence replied, "She was a splendid beast." Finally, the proof-reader burst out in despair, "Sherif Abd el Mayin of Slip 68 becomes el Main, el Mayein, el Muein, el Mavin, and el Muyein,"—but Lawrence only answered calmly, "Good egg. I call this really ingenious." . . .

With which we calmly close.

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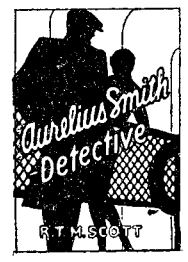

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